

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 901

Week Ending
JUNE 27, 1936

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

PLEASE DO NOT LITTER THE STREETS

GOOD AND EVIL IN THE SCALES

CIVILISATION OR BARBARISM?

The League, Abyssinia, and the World Situation

SANCTIONS ENDING

It is probably true that there is not a country in the world where men and women of goodwill are not bowed down with bitter disappointment over the failure to save Abyssinia.

Throughout the free countries everywhere it was hoped that a way would be found to prevent the victory of Italian aggression in the face of the protest of fifty nations at Geneva.

It is too early to say yet that Italy will profit from what the League has declared to be a crime, and the opinion of civilisation is on record for all time. It is that a foul wrong has been done; and for the moment it would appear that Mr Punch was right in his cartoon of the burglar getting away with the goods. The great consolation is that the end is not yet, but it is not to be denied that what has happened is a terrible blow to the League.

Sanctions

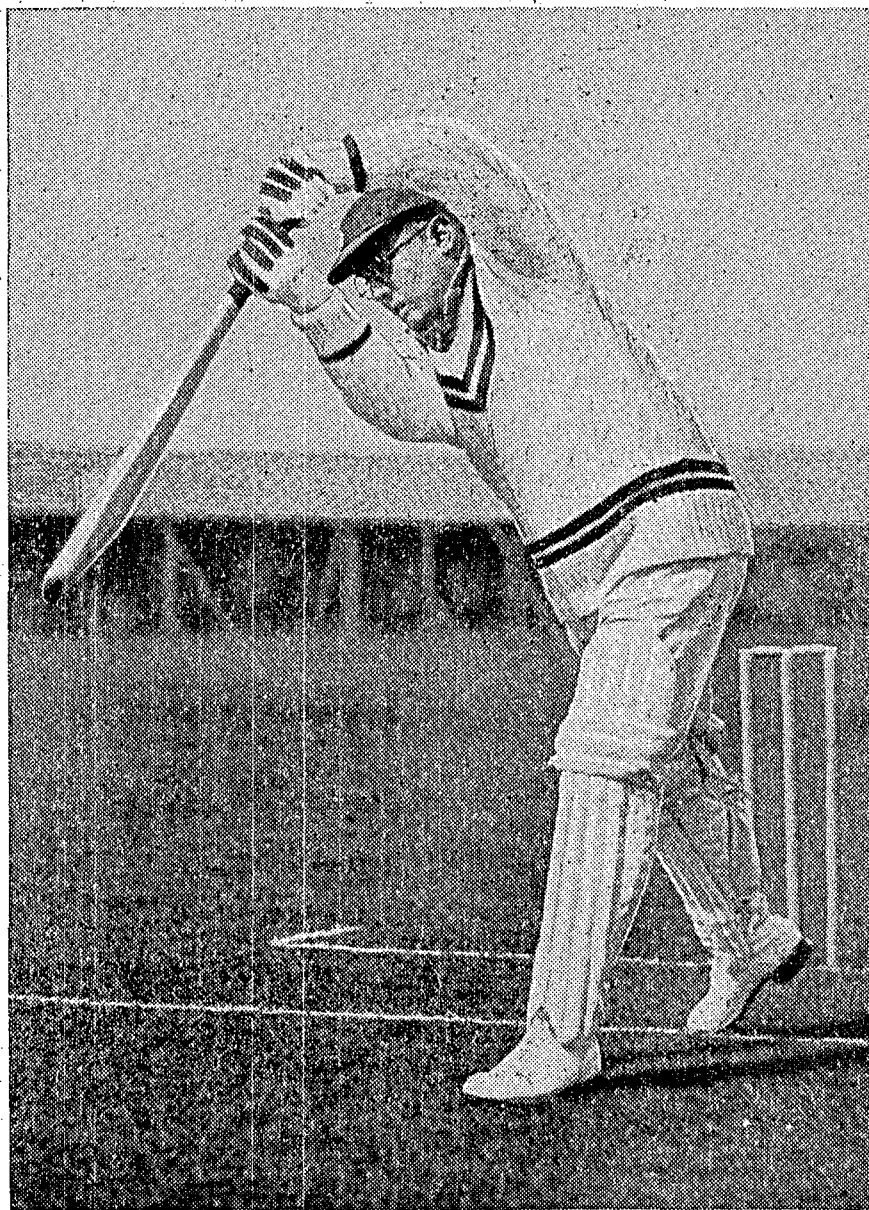
In the debate in the House of Commons last week Mr Eden announced a decision that must have caused him great pain, the decision to drop sanctions.

It was inevitable, of course, that they should some time come to an end, and the case for the Government is that owing to the unexpectedly early ending of the war the sanctions were not effective in achieving their purpose in stopping it. It must be recognised, also, that this great experiment of the League was entered upon half-heartedly by our great neighbour France.

In spite of this, however, sanctions have been effective enough to hamper Mussolini's policy in many ways. They have halved the trade of Italy and increased its economic difficulties, and it is possible that they would have been useful as a weapon in persuading Signor Mussolini to listen to the League. That was always their chief value in this struggle between the League and the Italian Dictator.

Effect on the League

It is not true to say that the League of Nations is finished because it has failed in its first big attempt to stop a powerful nation attacking a little one. At least the League has succeeded in mobilising the moral opinion of the world, and in putting on record its opinion of this conflict between civilisation and barbarism. If the League has not come out victorious from this crisis it is not because the principle of the League has failed, but because the



The Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram, Captain of the All-India Cricket Team. See page 11

loyalty of its members has failed. Those who attempt to put the blame either here or there must take into account the general situation of the world, and must remember the fearful dangers existing in a continent with a hundred million people ruled by tyrants. No man can say what dictators will do when they begin to terrorise the nations, and we are not to be heartbroken because the greater part of the world loves peace so much that it has not been willing to run the risk of war.

In the old days before the League a great nation would go to war to right a moral wrong, but war today is fraught with such worldwide terror, such endless suffering, such universal ruin, that the world has come to believe that the high end is not worth the low means. When the world decides that the end is not worth the means the way is open for any pirate who thinks it is.

It is not an easy problem, but it remains true beyond all question that the way out of all these things is through the League, a League perhaps made more effective than it is, perhaps re-

formed and separated from the Treaty of Versailles, with all the nations in it pledged to do their uttermost against any nation breaking the peace.

Christianity has not yet succeeded in saving the world, and it is nineteen centuries old. The League of Nations is not yet nineteen years old, and it has established itself in the hearts of men as the greatest step yet for building up peace.

Those who are patient with Christianity after all these centuries may be patient with the League after these few years. Its day will come.

Continued from column 4

hood, until the parent birds flew away in their turn.

And now these parent birds are back again, and have once more founded a family. Untroubled by the million noises of a city, and the motors and tram-cars whizzing past, they lead their quiet woodland existence and weave their woodland dreams in sweet content, unaware that they are the supreme interest of the human community around them. The entire street feels that it has a proprietary right in them.

THE TREE THAT HAS A BANK ACCOUNT WHAT IS HAPPENING IN IT

Story of a Happy Life Above the City Streets

HOW THE PIGEONS BUILT THEIR HOUSE

Who would imagine that a busy, noisy thoroughfare full of hurrying people and clanking tram-cars could harbour in its bosom a shy and intimate secret which spells romance to all who live in its vicinity?

Yet there is a street in the heart of Copenhagen which has such a secret. It is Christian the Ninth Street, and the secret is a pair of woodpigeons that for two years have made their home in an old lime tree standing in the very midst of the traffic.

A Romantic History

The tree has its own romantic history, for it was planted there in memory of one Eugene Jorgensen, the architect who built that quarter of the city. This man besides being a successful architect must have been beloved of his fellows, for a friend of his left a legacy for the benefit of the commemorative lime tree with the provision that it should be cared for and never be transplanted or felled so long as it lived. It is the only tree we know of that has money in the bank and draws a yearly income of 100 Danish crowns.

We may be certain, however, that it was not this aspect of the tree as a capitalist which attracted the woodpigeons, shyest and presumably most unworldly of sylvan creatures. Perhaps it was the breath of human love which still blows through the old branches. Or perhaps it was the derelict nest which two years ago they found. Yet how did woodpigeons come there?

The Old Nest Repaired

That is part of the romance and the mystery. All that is known is that they saw the nest and immediately set about repairing it. They first tried to break off twigs of the lime tree for the purpose, but could not manage it, so the male bird flew back to the country and returned with wisps of straw and tiny twigs, which its mate wove into the existing fabric. Three fledglings were born the same year. It is curious to note that all three tumbled out of the nest at various times before they could fly. One was retrieved by a human neighbour (a learned lawyer), and the other two by the waiters of a café. Replaced in the nest, they thrive and grew, learned to fly, and in due course flew away altogether; but they returned for brief visits all through the summer, to the delight of the neighbour-

TALKING ABOUT TALKING THE HOUSE OF LORDS HAS A DAY OFF

Should a Speaker Write It
Down Beforehand?

WIT AMONG THE PEERS

While most of the House of Commons is wondering whether the world is going to last much longer the House of Lords has been enjoying itself by talking about written speeches.

It was well worth while. In a world weary of politics it is as good as a bit of healthy exercise to turn to this debate, like a man snatching half a day off to run down to Wimbledon or over to Hoylake to see the tennis players or the golfers hard at work.

Lord Crawford led the way, admitting that it might be right for Cabinet Ministers, who had to be careful what they said, to read out statements prepared beforehand, but adding that lesser men should speak their minds. If they could not speak up about their subject it was because they had not got it up. "Out of a full mind the tongue speaketh," was Lord Crawford's case.

Bored By Eloquence

Lord Snell modestly placed before their lordships a plea for readers like himself. They might be bursting with the eloquence of an Edmund Burke (who, in fact, either read his speeches or committed them to memory beforehand), but when they faced the peers the word faltered on their lips. It was their lordships' fault. They were so plainly bored by eloquence, and so resentful at the orator's intention to go on. To attempt to break through that wall of silent disapproval made the speaker feel as if he were brawling in church. If his views were not those of the majority he was like a heretic addressing the Spanish Inquisition. Whatever he said would make no difference. Lord Snell almost drew a cheer from the Press Gallery when he ventured to remind his audience that speaking up so that all could hear was not a sign of vulgarity.

Stories of Speech-Makers

Lord Mottistone neatly rejoined that Lord Snell's speech, with all its pleasant quips, had been spoken and not read; it would not have been half as good if delivered from a manuscript, he said. But his advice to timid speakers was to follow the example of Lord Balfour, who was so nervous about his first speech to the House of Commons that he wrote it all out, yet at the last moment decided to throw all his notes overboard and just jump into the water and swim.

Lord Halifax had another tale to tell of Lord Balfour, whose advice to him had been to speak as often as he could and as long as he could keep on. In that way he would rapidly acquire the contempt for his audience that the bore always has.

Like Addressing Tombstones

Others of their lordships showed by a readiness to contribute the spoken word to the discussion that they were able to get on without reading their speeches, if other peers were willing to listen. Then, as a member who had come to the Upper from the Lower House had complained, it was no longer like addressing tombstones by torchlight.

Our own experience, after listening in the Lords on a number of occasions, is that there is always appreciation in that silent Chamber for a good speech, and that many are made there. Some of the best come from the bishops. It was an archbishop who told the Dean of Westminster that the first qualification for a speaker was to be able to say something while he was thinking of something to say.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE LIGHTNING 1000 Million Volts in Summer Storms

A camera invented by Dr Vernon Boys for photographing lightning has brought some wonderful results from South Africa, where thunderstorms are far more frequent than in England.

The camera detects time intervals in a lightning flash smaller than the millionth of a second. It shows that the first downward stroke of the lightning proceeds in a number of luminous steps, each about 50 yards long, with fairly regular pauses in between.

This stepping-stone process gives rise to fresh directions of the path, and this accounts for the zig-zag appearance. When the flash reaches the ground there is an upward return stroke along the conducting channel, from which branches spread out downward and outward.

The stepped leader, the first downward stroke, has to adopt its meandering path because of the resistance it meets with from the air in blazing the trail. It is this stepping process which gives rise to the ripping sound heard at the beginning of a near flash.

The leaders which are tributaries of lightning strokes which follow after the first one do not proceed in steps, unless there is a long interval between the first flash and the second.

The average velocity of the steps of the first lightning flash is 200,000 yards a second. The darting side leaders multiply that speed by ten, and the return stroke from the ground shoots upward at 20 million yards a second.

The power of the lightning may be measured in amperes for current and in volts. In some electrical laboratories a million volts has been attained. But the lightning flash has a potential of 1000 million volts borne on a current equal to 100,000 amperes.

MICHAEL IS HOME AGAIN

Michael Horvath is home again at Gyor, Hungary, after a twelve-years walk from Siberia, where he was taken as a prisoner during the war, being since detained.

In 1924 he started to walk the 10,000 miles to Gyor. It was the only way of reaching his own country, for he had no money. Almost everywhere, especially in Poland, he fell among friends who provided him with food and shelter.

At last he set foot a few weeks ago in Hungary, and when, in the first village he entered, he knocked at a door to ask for bread he was amazed to find it opened by his old company commander, who gave him a great welcome.

AN UNEMPLOYMENT IDEA

The right to engage an additional worker whose wages would be paid by the Government is a privilege which would be given to any employer engaging four extra men under a scheme proposed by Mr David Edwards of Brighton the other day.

Mr Edwards was speaking from the president's chair of the Municipal and County Engineers, and he suggested that such a bonus system would go far toward ridding us of the dole problem.

POWER TO ENFORCE LAW AND JUSTICE

Anxious lest the cause of Parliamentary Government should be at a woeful disadvantage compared with the glittering and formidable dictatorships which have arisen, Mr Winston Churchill, speaking in Essex at the week-end, called upon our people to use the majestic power of a revived Britain to sustain and to enforce the reign of public law and justice among the nations.

MAXIM GORKY The Man Who Knew Russia All Through A PILGRIMAGE OF BITTERNESS

In Russia a man has just passed away from the land where he was born and all the world repeats the news. Maxim Gorky is dead.

Maxim Gorky was not his name but the name he chose instead of that of Alexei Pyeshkoff, to which he was born. He chose it because Gorky meant bitter. Bitterness was in his mouth and in all he wrote about Russia. It was no kindly Motherland to him.

His childhood was spent in the dreary household of a harsh grandfather, his boyhood as apprentice to a shoemaker. Then he became a scullery hand on a Volga steamer, worker in a biscuit factory, a singer in a travelling company, a street hawker, and a lawyer's clerk. A drunken soldier on the Volga boat taught him to read and write.

A Pen Dipped in Gall

He knew Russia from end to end. He had wandered through it and worked with his hands on his wanderings, and he knew of all the millions of poor Russians who were worse off than he. He was better off because in him lay the gift of writing. He wrote about them in essays and stories and novels.

But if he dipped his pen in gall, it was not because he despised Russia, but because he loathed the system which thrust the poor down, and kept half the peasantry of Russia in ignorant barbarism. He knew and described many thieves and vagabonds, and pitied them. The blame was with the system which gave them no better chance, he said.

There must have been something more in Maxim Gorky than the power to write. He represented to the poor Russian a man who would carry the Fiery Cross in a Crusade. Russia followed him. It followed him when he became a revolutionist. It did not forget him when he shook the dust of Bolshevism off his shoes and went into exile; and it warmly welcomed him when he came back.

Of him it might be said that he was tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and everything but a thief. He stole from no man. He gave the best of himself to any who wanted it.

WAIT, LOOK, AND SEE Television at the Terminus

Before the end of the year travellers waiting for their train at Waterloo, Victoria, or Paddington may miss it.

They will be detained by the marvels of the Television Theatres, which are to improve on the films already being displayed at some London stations.

A regular service is promised from the Alexandra Palace by the middle of October. There will be three hours of entertainment daily, one beginning at 3 o'clock before the rush; one at 6.15 while the rush is at its height; and one at 9.30 when it is well over.

THE SHIP'S HATCH-COVER Should It Be of Steel?

Once again the grave question of the design and strength of hatches has been raised in an inquiry into the loss of a ship.

Claiming that the ship was lost because water entered the hatch openings, the representative of the Seamen's Unions asked the court to make some recommendation for the improvement of the old-fashioned fastenings used on many ships. This was of great importance for colliers with a large hatch area and with a very low free-board when loaded.

At an inquiry a few years ago the court recommended that hatch-covers should be made of steel.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

About 6000 carrier pigeons flying from Helmsstedt to Berlin, 110 miles away, encountered fog in the Elbe Valley and 3000 of the birds were lost.

Drilling will soon begin for an oil well at Henfield in Sussex, this being the second in the south of England.

The R A F Display takes place at Hendon on Saturday. Preliminary flying starts at half-past twelve and the main events begin at three o'clock.

Maria Robbins, who is now 93, has served five generations of the family of the late Lady Danesfort.

For the first time on record Morocco has had a strike.

A model plane, with an indiarubber motor, launched by a boy near Hamburg, disappeared in the clouds and landed three hours 14 minutes later at a village in Holstein 57 miles away.

A bronze bust of T. P. O'Connor is to be unveiled in Fleet Street by Lord Camrose, proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, the paper on which the famous Irish journalist obtained his first work in London.

WHO WAS YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER?

Questions For the Press

In England we say that the good journalist is born, not made. In Germany they are saying, "Yes, but how was he born?"

By Midsummer Day every one of Germany's 15,000 journalists has had to say what the religion of his forefathers was back to 1800. If he was married his wife has also had to fill up the form.

As everyone has two parents, four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents, it is clear that if the journalist and his wife could remember who they were they would have to unearth at least 28 ancestors who lived before General Blücher appeared at Waterloo.

The object of the inquiry is to show that the journalist is good and pure so far as he can ascertain from his family tree. No Jews in the pedigree will be tolerated.

The more we think of it, the more thankful we are that we were born in England.

MR BEWSHER OF COLET COURT

Many famous men have been mourning Mr James Bewsher of Hammer-smith, for he was for 42 years the headmaster of Colet Court, the preparatory school of St Paul's.

Among the thousands of boys whom he taught were Dr Temple, the Archbishop of York, Mr G. K. Chesterton, Mr Laurence Binyon, and "Tubby" Clayton of Toc H.

It is said of this clever and kindly man that he never forgot a boy, though all his pupils passed at twelve into the more famous school.

THINGS SAID

It is one of your duties not to be satisfied to be an average man.

Dr W. W. Vaughan speaking to schoolboys

The Matabele never divide their loyalty. It was given to the King of England for all time. Senior Matabele Chief

Every year one motor in every 600 kills; every year one in 20 injures.

Mr Hore-Belisha

It is not until everybody thinks it unthinkable that war will cease.

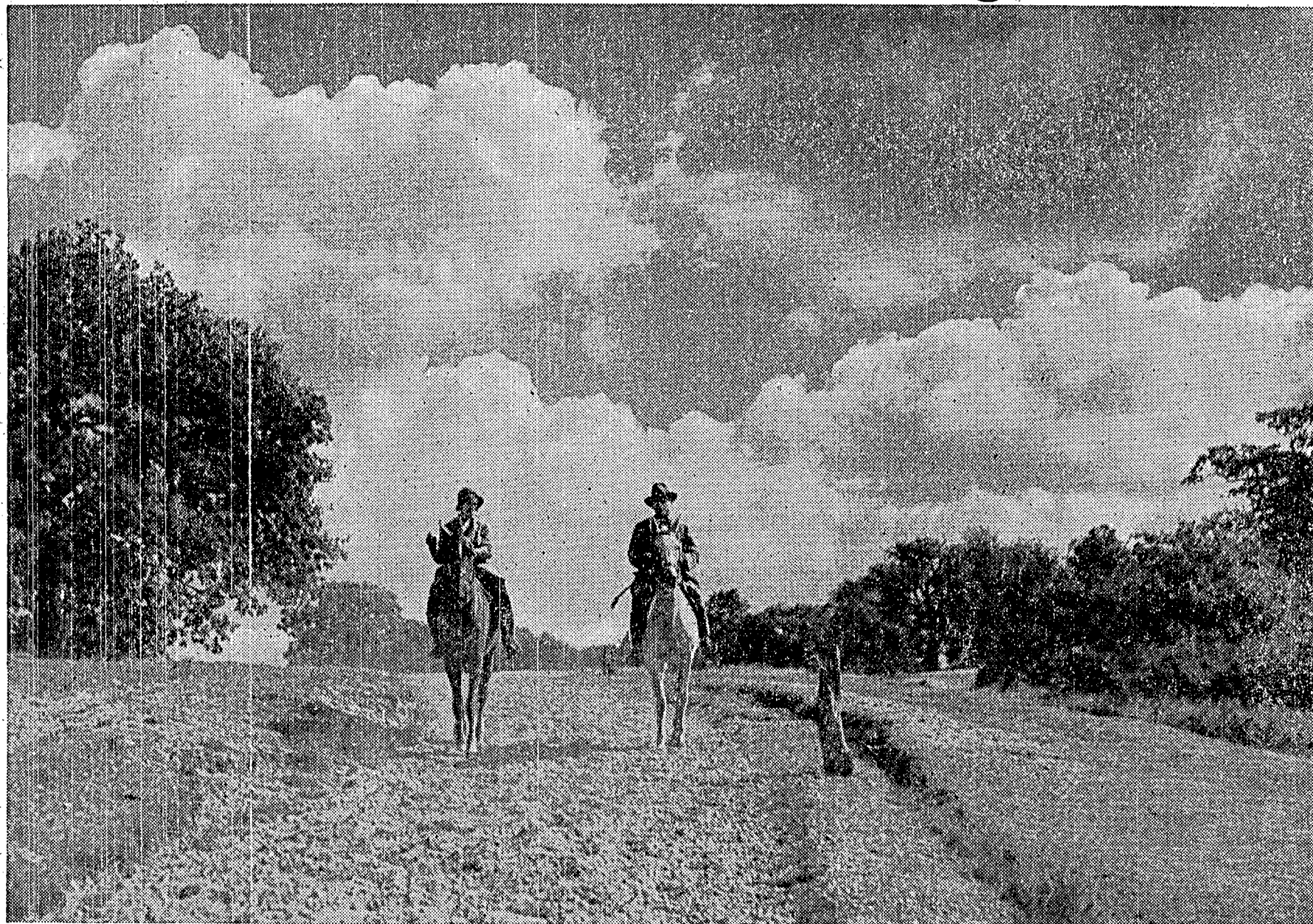
Mr Jan Struther

It is not the Jews who are hated, but an imaginary image of them.

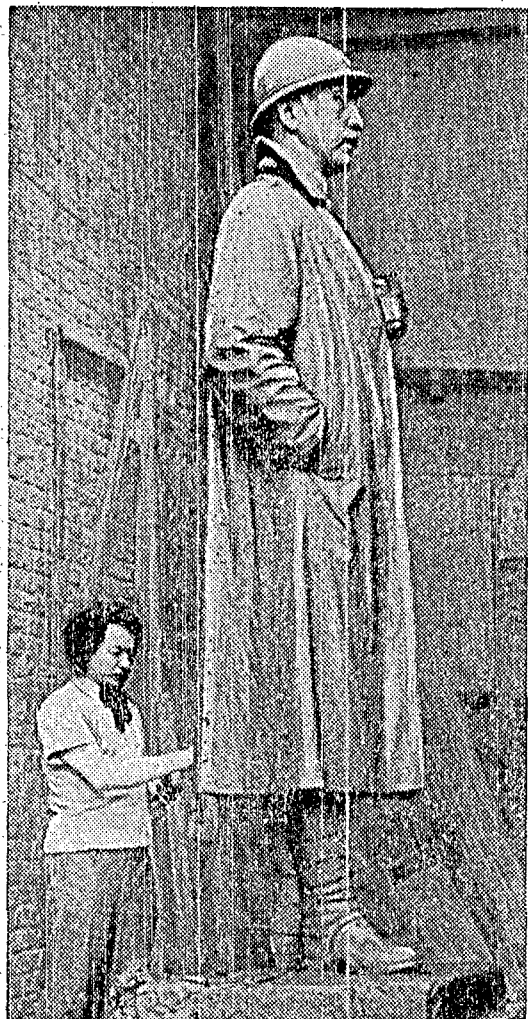
Mr Hugo Valentin

It is possible for the poorest of the poor to obtain a better education than I received in my boyhood. Lord Derby

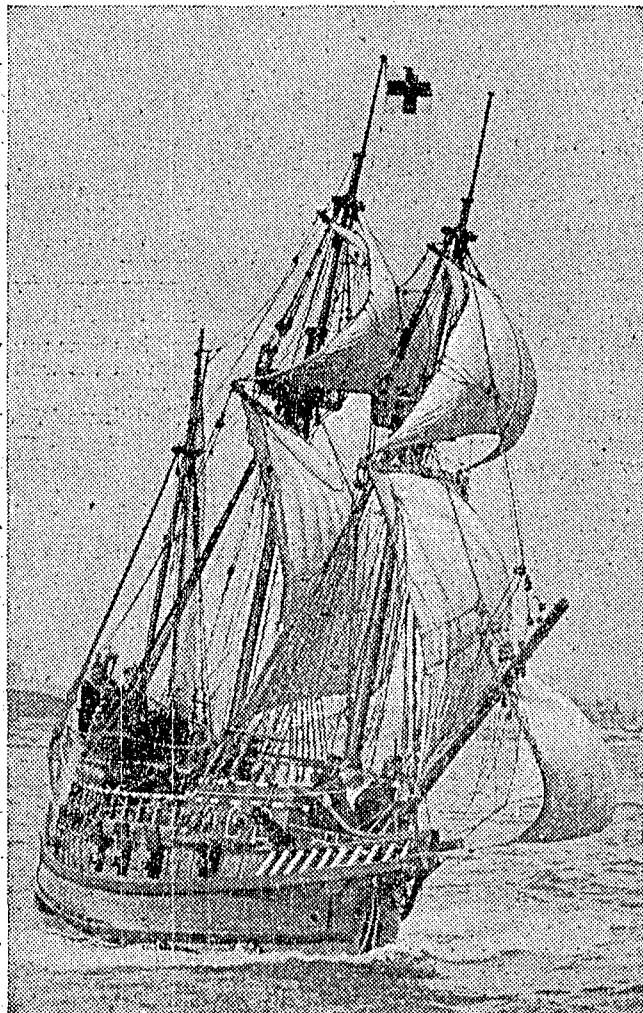
Pit-Prop Avenue . The Golden Hind . King Albert Statue



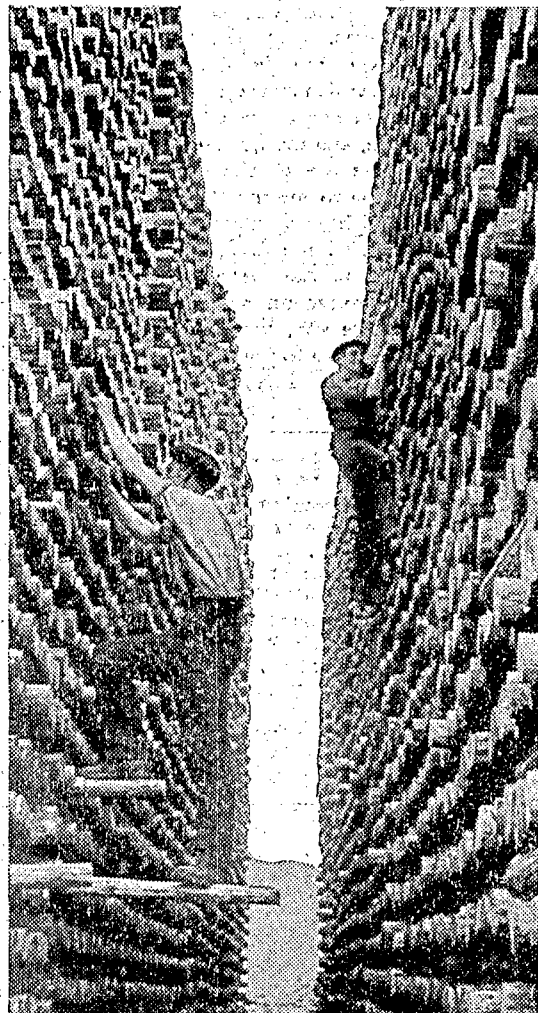
Eight Miles From Charing Cross—A morning ride on Wimbledon Common



The Soldier King—A new statue of King Albert of the Belgians. It is to be erected in Arlon



The Golden Hind—A half-scale model of Drake's famous flagship sailing in Plymouth Sound



Pit-Prop Avenue—Vast stacks of pit-props which have just arrived from Russia at Bo'ness in Scotland

THE GREAT WAR FOR HEALTH Winning Two Battles TUBERCULOSIS HALVED IN THIS COUNTRY

Two of the most formidable enemies of mankind are steadily losing their power.

In the last 25 years the deathrate in this country from tuberculosis has been halved. The national scheme for combating the disease has done much to lower the yearly toll. Prevention, early detection of cases, and a far greater number of notifications of cases have brought about these happier conditions. In 1911 there were 53,000 deaths from all forms of the great white plague; last year these had fallen to 29,000, but as the population has increased the figures reveal that the deathrate per million has been halved.

A new weapon has now been found to fight malaria. It is a little fish named *Gambusia Affinis*, which feeds on mosquito larvae. Three years ago numbers of these fish were brought from New Guinea to Papua. Some were put into a lagoon and during a flood many were carried to some neighbouring lagoons. They multiplied so quickly that five months later all the lagoons were swarming with the fish and not a mosquito was to be found.

There are now countless millions of the fish, and one of the most deadly places in Papua, a lagoon of six acres which teemed with the mosquito larvae, was cleared of them in three months.

HE IS WANG

A Shanghai weekly quotes the following letter from a Chinese college graduate applying for a position.

DEAR SIR,

I am Wang. It is for my personal benefit that I write to ask for a position in your honourable firm.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business, and in consequence bring good efforts to your honourable selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Peking University, in which place I graduated Number One. I can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is great.

My references are of the good, and should you hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

My last job left me of itself for the good reason that the large man was dead. It was on no account a fault of mine.

So, honourable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

S. L. WANG

MILK IS BEST

Is the nation becoming milk-minded? We must all like the bright idea of the Milk Bar movement. Long may it stay, for its good effects must be legion.

One of its good results is the prosperity it is bringing to the hard-hit Bute fishermen. This is because of the popularity of clam soup at milk bars. There is now a great demand for clams, which fetch high prices.

After lean times the fishermen have turned to clams and started a new industry. Hitherto these shellfish were only dredged from Inchmarnock, on the west coast of Bute, but lately they have been discovered in abundance in Kilchattan Bay.

It is a good sign of the times that in Glasgow, where once there was a vast amount of misery caused by alcohol, the demand for milk has become so great that at one milk bar alone, at a railway station, more than 120 gallons were sold in one day.

ARAB AND JEW The Treaty of Friendship Now Being Broken NATURAL KINSHIP OF RACE

It helps us to understand the Palestine trouble if we consider the increase of Jewish immigration.

In 1932 the influx was small, only 9553. In 1933 there was a rush of immigrants, the figure rising to 30,327. In 1934 the figure rose to 42,359. Last year made record with a Jewish immigration of 61,854, thus raising the total for the last four years to 144,093.

No fewer than 6309 well-to-do settlers (with 5694 dependents), each owning £1000 or more of capital, were included in the 1935 total. The labour immigrants numbered 27,729. Jewish refugees from

The Old Man Speaks

These were the words of Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, and at 95 the oldest serving judge in the British Empire.

I AM still at work, with my hand to the plough and my face to the future. The shadows of evening lengthen about me, but morning is in my heart.

I have lived from the forties of one century to the thirties of the next. I have had varied fields of labour, and full contact with men and things, and I have warmed both hands before the fire of life.

The testimony I bear is this; that the Castle of Enchantment is not yet behind me. It is before me still, and daily I catch glimpses of its battlements and towers. The rich spoils of memory are mine. Mine, too, are the precious things of today—books, flowers, pictures, Nature, and sport. The first of May is still an enchanted day to me. The best thing of all is friends. The best of life is always farther on. Its real lure is hidden from our eyes, somewhere beyond the hills of time.

Germany have naturally flocked to Palestine, and it is estimated that there are now 30,000.

It is pointed out that, as was recognised in 1919 by the Emir Feisal, afterwards King of Iraq, Jew and Arab have a racial kinship and that there is no inherent reason why the two peoples should not live together in amity.

The Treaty of Friendship then made between Arab and Jew set out that

All necessary measures shall be taken to encourage and stimulate immigration of Jews into Palestine on a large scale, and as quickly as possible to settle Jewish immigrants on the land through closer settlement and intensive cultivation of the soil.

In taking such measures the Arab peasant and tenant farmers shall be protected in their rights, and shall be assisted in forwarding their economic development.

It is impossible to say that this obligation has not been faithfully observed in both its parts. The Arabs have been alarmed by the rapid growth of Jewish immigration, but this growth is certainly not beyond the capacity of the land.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Chubut	Shoo-boot
Nepal	Ne-pawl
Rousseau	Roo-so
Siegen	Zee-gen
Viedma	Ve-ad-mah
Xanthippe	Zan-tippy

TREGELLES PRICE The Man Who Would Not Forge War Weapons A LITTLE TABLET ON HIS HOUSE

Let us now praise men who should be famous.

A simple bronze tablet on a house at Neath Abbey in Glamorgan now bears the almost unknown name of Joseph Tregelles Price. The only other place on which it is known to appear is on the stone marking his grave in a Quaker burial-ground.

Yet Tregelles Price was the founder of a society which has been celebrating at Cardiff its 120th year of work in the cause of international peace, with messages from the King and his Ministers and with an assembly of peace-lovers from many nations.

On June 14 many of them made a pilgrimage to the home of Tregelles Price to unveil the new tablet, for it was on that date in the year after Waterloo that he formed the first Peace Society at a small office in Plough Court, Fleet Street, and set on foot the movement which developed into the International Peace Society.

Mr Price was an ironfounder at Neath, and, though he could doubtless have made a fortune by making weapons for the war against Napoleon, he would only allow weapons of peace to be forged in his works. The ploughshare was to him the true symbol of human welfare, and we may wonder if he realised the significance of the name of the court in which he founded his noble society, trying to turn swords into ploughshares.

Wars and rumours of wars still trouble the earth, but the cause Tregelles Price had at heart has established itself in the hearts of men and will yet be triumphant over human weakness and folly.

THE COCOCUBS A Merry Little Thing For Nothing

Are you a Cococub? If you are, then you know all about the Cococub News, the magazine in which appear the adventures of Mrs Fussysfeathers, Silas Slink, the Piglets, and others of the merry band of little animals. There are many other things of interest in the Cococub News, including contributions from Cococubs themselves.

If you would like a copy of this merry little magazine write to Jonathan, Cadbury Brothers, Bournville, and please mention the C.N.

SILENCE, PLEASE

Switzerland has done something about noise to which all the world might lend an attentive ear.

It ordered a Silence Week in Geneva, Berne, and other towns where motor-cars and motor-cycles sound their horns and tramcars clang their bells. The toot and the clang were only to resound when it could not possibly be helped if an accident were to be avoided.

The result was that the number of street accidents dropped by nearly a half because every driver was so careful.

We should like to think that what Switzerland did yesterday England will do tomorrow. If not a week of silence, let us have a silent hour.

ONE MORE MONSTER

Some members of the Fort William Swimming Club had a surprise while they were practising in Loch Linnhe.

Not far away they saw a whale near the shore. It was about 40 feet long and swam toward the head of the loch, but it gave an exciting performance before it reached the sea. Lashing the water into a white foam with its tail, it sent a great jet into the air each time it came to the surface.

AGED 100 LONDON UNIVERSITY IS A CENTENARIAN Crowning Its Long Struggle For Existence WHY IT BEGAN

The University of London is about to celebrate its centenary with the walls of its first great Home rising up about it.

A hundred years ago, in the teeth of much opposition from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and from the College of Surgeons, King William the Fourth signed the charter which stated that he deemed it to be the duty of his royal office to hold forth to all classes and denominations of his subjects, without any distinction whatever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education.

A Poet Agitator

University College had come into existence ten years before, and it is remarkable to remember that it rose as a protest against religious bigotry, for it came into being because Nonconformists were excluded from Oxford altogether and from receiving degrees at Cambridge. Thomas Campbell the poet was the chief agitator for a university free from religious tests, and Lord Brougham, an enthusiast for popular education, lent his aid. By 1828 London University College was opened with representatives of nearly every religious denomination on its council. Then the supporters of the Church of England started King's College, with a theological course.

At first only students of University and King's Colleges were eligible for the degrees granted by the new university, but other schools and colleges soon obtained the right for their students to sit for London degrees, and in 1858 that right was granted to any man, young or old—a real boon to those earnest seekers of knowledge after the day's work. Twenty years later the degrees were made available for women.

Result of Sheer Endeavour

These degrees were not lightly acquired. London has a Master of Arts degree which is only conferred after a stiff examination, whereas the magic letters M.A. are but a question of fees at Oxford and Cambridge.

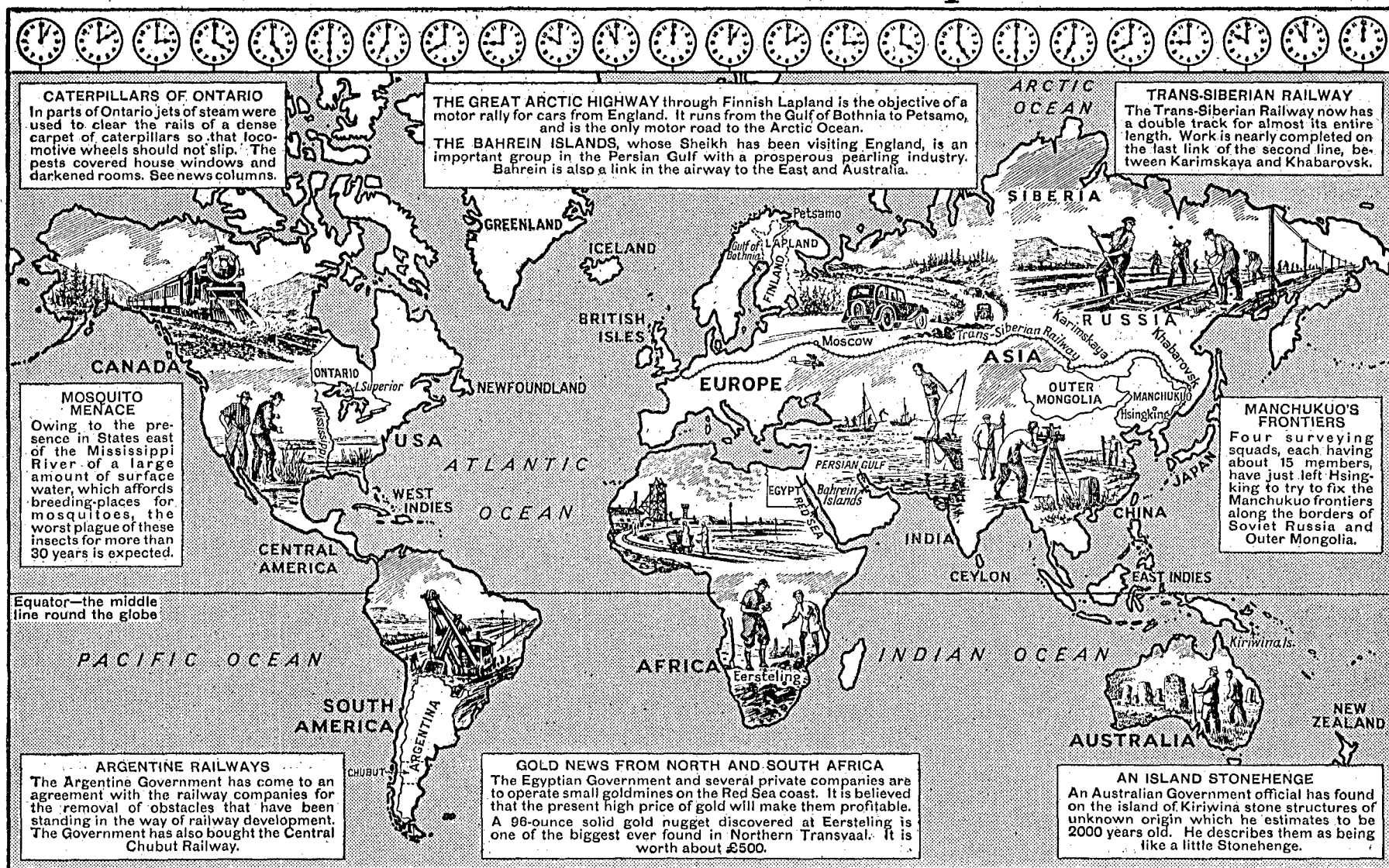
London University, in fact, has won the position of which it is so proud today by sheer endeavour on the part of all. There have been no hampering traditions, no drones, to check the progress of ideas. The scientific knowledge needed by the new age has been recognised from the beginning, and it has become a teaching university.

Lord Haldane's Great Help

As the members and friends of the university celebrate their good fortune and gaze on the noble buildings which will soon be their permanent home in Bloomsbury, crowning the long struggle for existence, many names of past benefactors will be recalled—not least, we hope, Lord Haldane's, for he was chairman of the Royal Commission which paved the way to the new era. The permanent buildings in which all the intellectual, financial, and social activities of London University will now centre were recommended in the Haldane Report, and in 1927 the Rockefeller Trustees gave £400,000 toward the site of 11 acres in Bloomsbury from which the magnificent new buildings are rising.

The L.C.C. has made a grant of £450,000 toward the buildings, Middlesex County Council gave £100,000 to the Library, and other county councils and towns round London have contributed. They realise, of course, that the University of London is now the centre of learning for the biggest number of people gathered together anywhere in the world, and that it has won through against terrific obstacles.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



ISLETS BECOME IMPORTANT

Hawaiian Lads To Stake Out Claim

For over a year a dozen native boys from Honolulu have been living on three small islands in the centre of the Pacific, four to an island. They were transported there by an American Coast Guard cutter, which visits them with supplies from time to time, and they are on the pay-roll of the Federal Government. There are no other inhabitants.

The islands are Baker and Howland Islands, about halfway on the direct flying route between Honolulu and Australia; and Jarvis Island to the south of Christmas Island. The boys have been stationed on the islands to stake out a claim for them against the day when air-liners will be flying between America and Australia.

Hitherto no nation has wanted these treeless sandbars, which were only occasionally visited years ago by guano gatherers; but on our maps both Baker and Jarvis Islands are marked British, and when the question was raised in the Commons a few weeks ago the Colonial Secretary declared that he did not think there was any doubt that these islands were British.

In the meantime the Hawaiian lads are having as good a time as Robinson Crusoe (and better).

A MAGNET SWEEPS THE ROADS

Powerful magnets that will pick up every piece of iron or steel lying on the roadway are now used for trucks which clear the roads of pieces of metal likely to puncture tyres.

We hear that while a magnetic truck was sweeping the roads in the Gisborne district of New Zealand the other day it picked up such a lot of things dropped on the highways that one man recovered from it eight pounds of fencing staples.

CEYLON'S SCOURGE

How Multitudes Perished

To make the Tropics healthy is the chief aim of the Ross Institute.

It is an object upon which trade and the lives and happiness of multitudes of people depend.

Few of us realise that our great dependency of Ceylon lost between October 1934 and May 1935 over 100,000 lives from malaria. A million and a half people contracted the disease, which cost £350,000 in direct expenditure and an enormous sum indirectly.

The afflicted area measured 5800 square miles, with a population of over three millions. This in what was considered a healthy part of the island. In the rest of Ceylon, nearly 20,000 square miles, the population is under three millions, and much of it is intensely malarious.

Ceylon stands in danger of a recurrence of such an immense tragedy. The Ross Institute holds that the island authorities have much to learn from Malaya, where malaria control has been made effective. Valuable work has been done in India by the Institute under the care of Dr Ramsay. He employs small field laboratories, and research in Ceylon on somewhat similar lines should be considered. Men are wanted in the swamps, streams, fields, and villages not less than in laboratories.

It is surely a reproach that, under white government, the lovely island of Ceylon should still remain in the grip of malaria.

A NEW KINGDOM AND ITS ANCIENT WEALTH

The progress of oil importation from Iraq is astonishing.

Iraq began to export oil in the last few months of 1934, when Britain imported from her 13,100,000 gallons of crude petroleum.

Last year the figure rose to no less than 143,400,000 gallons.

FRENCH STANDSTILL

Race Suicide

French authorities are becoming increasingly alarmed at the standstill of the French population. The facts are remarkable.

In 1870 the population was 36 millions; today it is 41, a gain of only five millions.

Let us compare this condition with that of other nations, in millions:

	1870	1935	Increase
France ..	36	41	5
Britain ..	26	46	20
Germany ..	40	67	27
Italy ..	26	43	17
Japan ..	33	68	35
Brazil ..	10	45	35

Of the French increase of five millions in 66 years at least two millions represent the influx of Italians, Belgians, Poles, and other foreigners.

The French empire includes 5,078,700 square miles, but the total white population of the French colonies hardly reaches a million.

In Canada, however, there are some 4,000,000 French Canadians, and the United States has about 2,000,000 citizens of French descent.

CARGOES FROM THE OCEAN BED

The recent success of divers in retrieving precious cargoes of sunken gold has attracted much attention.

The director of Florence Observatory has now invented an instrument which detects the presence of sunken ships even when they lie at great depths.

A cargo of iron sunk in the Tyrrhenean Sea during the war has been detected by this means and the divers are now at work on it. In another case a ship sunk near Genoa fifty years ago has been located.

There is even talk of extending the experiments to the Bay of Vigo, where galleons of the Spanish Armada, laden with gold, lie many fathoms deep.

REMARKABLE NEWS FROM RUSSIA

Votes For All CENTRAL PARLIAMENT OF TWO HOUSES

There is remarkable news from Russia. Stalin has drafted a new Constitution, and it is claimed that the new system will create the only real democracy in the world.

There are to be votes for all, freedom of speech, tolerance for all religions, and no arrests without court orders. Justice is to be independent of politics.

The ballot is to be secret, and the vote given to persons of both sexes over 18 years of age.

The Parliament will meet at Moscow twice a year and will elect the President of the Republic. The two Houses will be the Union Council, or Lower House, with 600 members directly elected, one member for each 300,000 electors; and the Council of Nationalities, or Upper House, with 242 members indirectly elected to represent the various regions.

The number of Soviet Republics will be raised to eleven, and they will have their own Parliaments, with territorial divisions possessing elected councils for local government.

Apparently, as now, it is to be open to any nation outside the Union to become federated with it. *The original aim was to include all the peoples of the world.*

This remarkable Constitution is at present in draft only, but it is to be formally debated in November.

A HELPING HAND FROM VESUVIUS

Vesuvius, the famous volcano, is now yielding potash which is being very largely employed in agriculture.

For centuries the mountain has been accumulating potash which is now fertilising considerable areas.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 27

1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Where is the Man?

ONE of our wise men has been saying a very wise thing. War, he reminds us, arises because so many nations have poor harvests to reap; it is because of this that we stand in imminent danger of reaping the whirlwind.

Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan, he added, have all acted as they have done because of the difficulty of feeding their people.

In truth the main cause of war in all ages has been the struggle for the means of existence. It was this that led to ancient migrations in search of new pastures and more food. When the tribe outgrew the productiveness of its valley it sought new territory and disputed for it with others.

Unless we understand this we do not understand our world. On the other hand, if we fully understand it we know how easy it is to make peace.

There is still plenty of room in the world for a much larger population. It is bad distribution of the natural wealth of the world which is at fault.

Roundly the world contains 400 million families. It can support them even with science no farther advanced than it is. Nay, it can support many more in comfort and prosperity.

Yet so strangely is the world organised that in one part we see a great fertile land containing only 300,000 families even while in another part a marsh is being drained at enormous expense to house ten thousand families.

The story of bad distribution of natural wealth in the world at large closely resembles the bad distribution of wealth within one nation. Since the war we have learned that a more righteous distribution of income is essential to peace at home. Let us also grasp the fact that righteous distribution as between nations is essential to peace abroad.

It is not a question of creating equality; it is much simpler than that. The practical problem is one of creating fair conditions giving something like equality of opportunity. That is why the task is not difficult; but no one has yet tried to do it.

Men are patient, too patient, at heart, as all history shows, and they are not easily goaded into action; but who knows how long the patience of men will hold out? Peace is within the world's grasp on easy terms if we will recognise it; but where is the statesman, where is the Government, bold enough, wise enough, to start mankind on the road to salvation?

What the Films Can Do

THERE is a debate in the grown-up papers as to whether our schools should have films.

Two points remain in the memory of one adult reader of the C.N. Never did he realise, until he saw films of the subjects, the immense force of a crocodile's tail, enabling the reptile to sweep a man or an animal to the ground with a single blow; never did he understand why the Greeks called that great beast of the waters a river horse until the film showed the crocodile in action and the hippopotamus swimming.

No words, no book, no still picture could have taught those facts so well, and they are typical of what film education can do if those who produce films had more judgment and common sense than they usually display.

A Prayer By the Nile

From a letter on papyrus written with a reed gathered by the Nile 3000 years ago.

THE scribe of the drink-offerings Bakenamen, saluteth his father Rames, priest in the temple of Thoth, being of happy heart continually, in life, prosperity, health, by the favour of Amen Ra, King of the gods.

I pray unto Ra Harmakhis in his rising and setting, unto Amen, Ra, Ptah, unto Ramesu-Mery-Amen, and to all the gods and goddesses of the house of Ramesu-Mery-Amen, that thou mayest have health, mayest have life, mayest have prosperity, and that I may see thee in health; and I fill my heart with thee.

The School Dentist

WE are glad to note that Oxfordshire is advertising for two dentists to give all their time to the schoolchildren of the county.

That a stitch in time saves nine is never truer than of dentistry, and we doubt not that thousands of the future citizens of Oxfordshire will live to bless the introduction of the school dentist. It is an idea which should be made universal.

A Word To the Post Office

THE Post Office is hard put to it to prevent the abuse of its many excellent facilities, but surely more could be done to stop the misuse of business reply envelopes.

In an example before us a so-called stockbroker sends a circular to investors suggesting that they should invest in gold shares through him. He knows, he says, just what to buy, but does not say what, and encloses a business reply envelope, with an official licence number to give the thing a respectable air.

If this man knew what shares to buy to make money he would buy them for himself, and not need to use the Post Office. Surely this should be plain enough for everybody.

Captain of the Queen Mary

Speaking

THE shipbuilder, the owners, and the sailor are steadily charged with the responsibility of changing the character of the ocean itself from a barrier between peoples to a neighbourly highway. Sir Edgar Britten

A Word From Shakespeare

To the Wimbledon Tennis Players

We have matched our rackets to these balls. Henry the Fifth

Tip-Cat

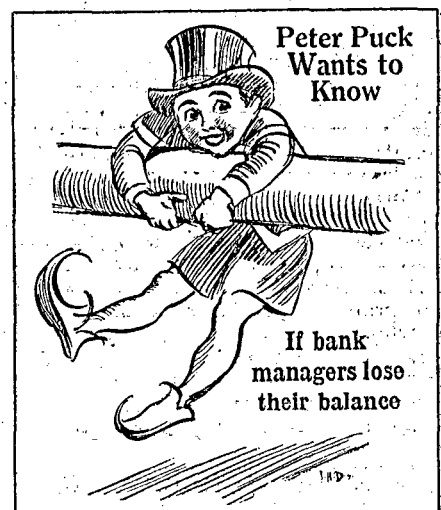
A CELEBRATED cricketer has four cricketer sons. We thought he had a score.

MANY birds come to England for the summer. They don't always get a warm reception.

MAN is said to be a bundle of organs. That is why he finds life a continual grind.

THE happy man, we are told, is content with his present lot. What if he hasn't a lot?

A FAMOUS tenor has become a tennis star. Used to making a hit.



A CORRESPONDENT says he caught a fish with his umbrella. What was it going to do with it?

NOT many things get lost in the post. But the post itself is sometimes lost.

NEURALGIA can be cured by bell ringing, says a doctor. Sound advice.

WHAT has jazz done for music? somebody asks. Made us long to hear it.

PEDESTRIANS do not always play the game at crossings. But they usually take sides.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE GOVERNMENT of India forbids women in mines after July, 1937.

THERE are 485 Silver Jubilees this year on Rowntree's York staff.

A COUNTRY house and £10,000 have lately been given for church purposes by unknown friends.

JUST AN IDEA

Why are some buses in the Strand noisier than aeroplanes? We do not know. Perhaps Mr Hore-Belisha will look into it.

The Little Gentleman

I KNEW him for a gentleman By signs that never fail; His coat was rough and rather worn.

His cheeks were thin and pale; A lad who had his way to make With little time for play. I knew him for a gentleman By certain signs today.

HE met his mother in the street, Off came his little cap; My door was shut, he waited there Until I heard his rap. He took the bundle from my hand, And when I dropped the pen He sprang to pick it up for me, This gentleman of ten.

HE does not push or crowd along, His voice is gently pitched, He does not fling his books about As if he were bewitched. He stands aside to let you pass, He always shuts the door, He runs on errands willingly To forge or mill or store.

HE thinks of you before himself; He serves you if he can, For in whatever company The manners make the man. At ten or forty 'tis the same, His manners tell the tale, And I discern the gentleman By signs that never fail.

After 33 Years

IT is just 33 years since a British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, startled the country with the statement that 30 per cent of the population was "underfed and on the verge of hunger," and that 30 per cent of the then existing population meant 12 million underfed men, women, and children.

Now, after the lapse of a generation, Sir John Orr tells us that 13 millions of our people live on such poor diet that it would be scorned if fed to the beasts on the farm.

Also we are told that if we have regard to an all-round diet such as can be commanded by spending 10 shillings a week per head, there are now 22 million people who are denied it.

We wish it could be displayed in both Lords and Commons, in those glaring lights used for advertising beer, that Half our population is underfed.

A Prayer That We May Grow Kinder

Dear Father, guide us by Thy spirit that we may choose wisely, from among the many things before us, those that will help us to grow in mind and in heart.

Send us sweet and tender thoughts, and the will to follow their guidance, so that life by our living may be kinder and sweeter for all, and the feeling of each toward the others may be more gentle and helpful.

Make us eager to learn and willing to do good, for Thy Kingdom's sake. Amen.

ANIMAL WORLD STIRS

Another Challenge To Man

HIS BATTLE NOT YET WON

The struggle for survival is still being waged between man and the animal world, in the wilds and in the midst of civilisation.

Captain C. R. S. Pitman, Game Warden of Uganda, home on holiday, has been telling the world how the elephants under his charge multiply in their reserve, break out, trample down fences and barricades, and ruin the farmer's crops. Though it has been necessary to kill thousands of these splendid animals their number is back to what it was seven years ago, 21,000.

It must have astonished him to hear that not only were rabbits becoming a plague at home, but that deer, increasing beyond control, were playing havoc round about Ashridge, and that no fewer than 70 have had to be destroyed in the last few days.

Poisonous British Adders

Custodian of some of the deadliest snakes in the world, Captain Pitman must have smiled to hear that our own little British adders (the biggest of them scarcely more than two feet long) have so increased as to create something like a panic in their haunts. They bite, and their bite is poisonous; and the bites they have inflicted have drained the Zoo of its stock of the snake serum which is a cure for such injuries. Happily doctors know where to get more.

We have had another caterpillar plague in England, with fire-engines called out to hose the countless larvae off the roads and pavements; but that is a minor trouble compared with that which towns and villages over a large area of Northern Ontario is experiencing.

Moths and butterflies produce eggs in numbers varying with species, some a mere 50, others thousands in the course of the summer. The Canadian species are moving in vast carpets, filling the houses, choking the roads, making the railway lines so slippery that engines cannot get their wheels to grip, so impeding traffic and adding to the loss already occasioned by enormous destruction of crops and vegetation.

Where Locusts Swarm

Wasp-larvae are being collected in Budapest to send to serve as destroyers of the Canadian caterpillars. But if the Hungarian wasps are the sort that attack the larvae with which Ontario is infested naturalists on the spot will have to discover.

It is locust time again, and swarms are taking the wing. They are nearer to us than we realise. Belgium has genuine migratory locusts, which some mysterious agency manages to keep in check; but it is of Cyprus that we think, for Cyprus may be destined to play a part in our Mediterranean scheme of defence. There locusts swarm as they did in the Egypt Moses knew: not every year, of course, but periodically.

The eggs are laid in cases, many eggs to each: in a single year 5076 million egg cases of these insects have been collected in the island; many times that number escaped detection, while the locusts that laid them were as the sands of the shore. Man's battle against the lower creation is not yet nearly won.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Louis XVI clock	£1523
Painting by Whistler	£945
Pair of Chinese porcelain dogs . .	£410
George I walnut bookcase . . .	£390
14 drawings by Murrhead Bone . .	£225
Sèvres dinner service	£210
K'ang Hsi famille verte dish . .	£125
Glass vase, 1765	£105

Man Driven Back From the Top of the World

EVEREST IS STILL UNCONQUERED

ONCE again Everest has withstood man's attempt to reach its summit and there to stand on the highest point of the globe.

Mr Hugh Ruttledge, the leader of this year's expedition, lingered in the camps established within striking distance of the unconquered peak till the last possible moment, and then withdrew his company of mountaineers, convinced that no sacrifice, no last desperate attempt, could win through.

Their consolation was that they had left no avenue to victory unexplored, no method of ascent untried. They had even sought a way up the last few thousand feet which none had considered before them. The prospect flattered only to fail them at the last moment. Two of the party were willing to risk their lives on this unknown path, but the north-west wind, sweeping snow before it, shut out the path while they were still venturing to hope.

The Hopeful Start

So ended the attempt on Mount Everest that began with such high hopes last spring. At first everything went well. The permission to approach the mountain, which rises on the border of Nepal and Tibet, through Tibet was itself an unexpected piece of good fortune, because after the death of the Dalai Lama, who was friendly, it was feared that the Tibetan Government would forbid another attempt.

There was not much difficulty in finding funds or in getting together, under Mr Hugh Ruttledge, who led an expedition three years ago, a company of capable and tried mountaineers. When on March 19 the party left Sikkim for Tibet they had secured at Darjeeling a magnificent body of porters 65 strong to accompany them. These men, some of whom had been with the first Everest Expedition of 1921, were the shoulders on which the climbers had to rely. They were Bhotiyas from far Tibet, hardy Sherpas, and a number who had been with Mr Ruttledge in 1933.

At the Foot of the North Col

All started with courage and determination in their hearts, certain that this time they would succeed. All went well at first. The expedition had the advantage of a reconnaissance of the mountain made by Mr Eric Shipton last year, and were able to plan their ascent in the best possible way. As everyone who has read about Everest knows, the plan of its climbers is to establish, with the help of the porters, one camp above another, at increasing heights on the mountain, with the hope and expectation of making a successful dash from the highest one, when weather favours, to the summit.

Till the foot of the North Col, at 21,000 feet, there are no difficulties. It is there that the tough work begins, because the climbers have to deal with a steeply falling glacier which changes its form from year to year. But above it there are no serious difficulties till

27,000 feet (or within 2000 feet of the summit) is reached. Here steep ledges like those on a sloping roof have to be crossed. But, though formidable, they can be climbed if there is no snow on them.

The expedition got well on toward the highest camp, where their final thrust should have begun, when all the good fortune they had experienced deserted them. It was blown away by the north-west wind.

The north-west wind is Everest's last defence. It comes in icy gusts from Tibet, rising to hurricane force. While it blows no human being can withstand it. A mountaineer must wait for a lull. From the last fortnight in May he must wait in hope for the warmer air from Bengal which heralds the monsoon. This tempers the north-west wind, but it brings snow with it.

Knowledge Gained

This year before the north-west wind had ceased the snow came, and rapidly covered the north face which the mountaineers must climb. The north-west wind, so far from ceasing, blew it down in avalanches.

The Ruttledge Expedition—leader, climbers, porters—saw its hopes buried in them. During a temporary lull Mr F. S. Smythe and Mr Wyn Harris worked their way round the foot of the north face to a point just out of the reach of the avalanches. The tent they took with them was nearly blown down by the wind of a falling avalanche, but they thought that on this southern side might have been a way up if it had been sought earlier.

The knowledge thus gained will be of help in the future expedition that will surely be made. But it came too late for this year's venture, because there was deep snow everywhere, and no foothold for the bravest.

Cenotaph of Two Brave Souls

So the conquest of Everest remains a hope. The first steps in the effort were taken in 1921 by Colonel C. K. Howard Bury, who surveyed the mountain to find the best way of approaching its steep and glaciers. The year after General C. G. Bruce led an attack in force, but had to retreat. Two years were spent in planning before General Bruce and Colonel E. F. Norton took with them the expedition which stands out among all others, because two of the climbers, G. L. Mallory and Irvine, made the final dash for the summit which has eluded all others. It has been thought that they may have reached it, but if they did death crowned their efforts, for they were never seen again. Everest is the cenotaph of these two brave souls.

Then came the first Ruttledge Expedition of 1933, which the weather defeated, as it has defeated the later one. But the defeat has left other unconquerable souls who are determined to convert it into victory. In the story of the conquest of Nature there is no record of any step forward, once taken, having been retraced.

Giving Away His Millions

ONE more American millionaire is busy giving away his fortune.

He is Mr John G. Hardin, of Baylor in Texas, and his story is as romantic as any in that romantic land. As a young man he took his family to live in an earth dug-out on the banks of the Red River and bought a plot of 127 acres at a dollar an acre. By trading with the Indians he added to his land until he had 6000 acres. In their midst was struck oil, and Mr Hardin soon became a millionaire.

He has endowed an Orphan Home at Dallas with £300,000, given £250,000 to the University at Dallas and large sums to other Texas schools and to Baptist institutions. At 81 he has only a tenth part of his fortune left, and that is to be divided among these trusts on his death.

One of his greatest delights must have been the providing of electric light to the town which grew up on the fields he farmed in his youth.

BRINGING SOUND FROM THE AIR

A Very Clever Device "MUSIC" WITH A WAVE OF THE HAND?

By Our Music Correspondent

There is more news of the curious device introduced to the world long ago by Professor Theremin.

Professor Theremin, whose instrument takes his name, is not a musician. His interest lies in the making of sound by an electro-magnetic plant which has little to do with the making of real music.

The inventor has now got as far as making sounds of a distinctive quality and range. Very high and very low sounds still elude him.

After seven years of study Madame Lucie Rosen is able to manipulate this instrument. To look at her, standing on the concert platform, to see her hands turning about in the air, you would never guess that, with a mistake made in the control of the instrument, such a blast of sound could be let forth as to destroy every ear in the concert-room!

The Sound Conductor

She stands behind what looks like an ordinary wireless apparatus in a shiny wooden case. At the top, on the right, a rod is fixed which appears to be the sound conductor. At the back of the player is placed a square disc which acts as a loudspeaker. With her right hand she traces the notes in the air, round and about the rod, and with her left hand she phrases, starts, and stops the sounds.

The instrument has a range of 60 notes, but it still is most difficult to produce them accurately, for with the slightest nervousness in the player the instrument will become chilled and unable to respond; indeed, so delicate is it that a small lamp has to be kept burning inside to ensure a certain temperature, and its electric coils are finer than many a human hair. Wherever the Theremin goes it is accompanied by an expert electrical engineer.

At a demonstration which she gave the other day Madame Rosen played many well-known tunes on this strange instrument, but it is still impossible to make more than one sound at a time; nor is it possible to play any music rapidly. The audience was glad of the piano accompaniment, for it helped things out considerably.

An Eerie Effect

One might say that the effect of these Theremin sounds is eerie, not human, though very sweet at times, a sound lacking any real feeling and actually coming from nowhere into the concert hall. The Theremin is not concerned with humanities; with electric coils, lamps, and insulators it surely would be better served by a super robot standing at its side, with rows of earless robots for audience!

In all real music there must be feeling, and, whether the artist's material be the catgut string and shaped wood of a violin, or the wonderful arrangement of vocal chords in a human voice, the business of the musician and artist is to bring this material into subjection, to make it live, and to give it soul.

The Theremin seems so far to be just a very clever invention, but do not let us be deceived by its claims to make music for us.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN

How well worth while is the work of the National Institution for the Blind is shown by the number of blind musicians in this country.

More than 200 blind organists hold posts in our churches. New music is constantly being produced in a special Braille musical notation, and already about 5000 compositions have been published.

Workers in the Fields Near Edinburgh



THE OLD JEW FROM MANCHESTER

PERHAPS it may be worth while, in view of the trouble between the Arab and the Jew, to recall a story of the dark days of the war which the C.N. believes to be true. It concerns the plan for making Palestine the National Home of the Jews, the movement which has stirred up the hostility of the Arabs, who imagine that the day will come when they may be overwhelmed.

In the days of this story the fate of Europe was swaying in the balance, the days when the enemy were pressing on and on, and men wondered, with fear and trembling, what the end of things might be. Ships were sinking, cathedrals were being blown to bits, great masses of men were being torn to pieces. And Germany came on.

A Friend in Need

It was on one of the very darkest days of all that an old friend opened the door of Mr Lloyd George's room and found him full of gloom. This old friend tried to comfort him, but the Minister of Munitions would not be comforted. It was one of the most anxious days of his career.

"Perhaps there may be something I could do," the old friend said. "What is it that is troubling you?" And then Mr Lloyd George explained that it had something to do with chemistry and something to do with shells. A difficulty had arisen which nobody seemed able to solve, and it was hindering munitions.

The writer does not remember clearly what it was, but the Minister of Munitions wanted a clever chemist with a piece of knowledge the Ministry of Munitions had not got.

"Perhaps I can help you after all," the old friend said. "There is a queer old chemist I know in Manchester, a very clever man. I believe he could help you." It was arranged that the friend should bring the chemist in the morning, and in the morning the two were there in Mr Lloyd George's room. A strange old man was the chemist, bowed with years and labour, and his face wrinkled with care. He listened to Mr Lloyd George and understood; and

The Wonderful Plates of Quartz

FOR many years the Empire has been searched by geologists for quartz crystals big enough to be used in wireless apparatus, and these valuable crystals have at last been found in the goldfields of Uganda. They are as perfect as those hitherto obtained from Brazil and Madagascar.

A plate cut from quartz which is free from flaws has remarkable qualities. When compressed or expanded an electric current is generated in proportion to the power used. The reverse is also

true, the application of electric current making the plate expand or contract. This being so, these plates are used to measure almost instantaneous pressures such as the blow of a machine tool. Perhaps their most valuable use for man is in the devices which record the depth under a ship's keel and warn the navigator of the nearness of icebergs, rocks, or other dangers.

These wonderful plates of quartz, at least one-and-a-half inches across, are used in television apparatus.

Now the face of Mr Lloyd George fell. He saw his hope dashed to the ground. The sudden opportunity that had come to him of making a great gift to the Allies was in a moment slipping from his grasp. Then, in that alluring way of his, he talked of liberty and of humanity, and of the power this old man had of serving both. And, moreover, was there anything he could do for this old man? It was useless to offer him money, but was there any great cause that lay very close to his heart, some cause that the British Government could help?

The Old Man's Great Hope

Now the old man's face lit up again. He had thought of the suffering of his people; now he thought of that great hope he had for them. Yes; there was one cause lying close to his heart, one thing he longed to see—the repatriation of his people to their own land.

It was a great opportunity, and Mr Lloyd George used it well. He jumped from his chair, and, facing this wise old Jew, this warm-hearted old Jew, he said:

"If the Allies win this war I will repatriate your people."

All was well again. The situation was retrieved. The old man went away and did his work.

LOOKING FOR A PLANET And Finding a Continent

The eclipse will probably teach us new facts about the composition of the Sun and its corona, about celestial matter, and about the atom. We may not understand it all, but scientists will, for they know in advance what it is they seek.

Yet even they are apt to be taken by surprise. During the eclipse of 1868 Sir Norman Lockyer detected helium, which a quarter of a century later Sir William Ramsay, when searching for argon, found on the Earth. At that time the relation between helium and the unguessed-at radium was undreamed of; but today helium is a commercial product, used for low-temperature gas thermometers, for electric lamps, and to fill the envelopes of airships.

It was a planet, not a sun, which gave us a great Dominion. Venus, when she passes across the Sun's disc, is too small to eclipse him, so we call the passage a transit. In 1770 such a transit was deemed sufficiently important for our Government to send Captain Cook to Tahiti to observe it.

His mission discharged, he set off South to seek for the legendary Antarctic continent.

First Sight of Australia

He did not find the fabled continent, but something dramatic made the voyage for ever memorable. A storm drove him within sight of a succession of sandhills, then of hundreds of miles of coastline with steep cliffs and high wooded headlands, a land which proved to be peopled by primitive savages and strange animals such as the expedition had never seen before.

It was Australia, but Cook called it New South Wales, and came home rather crestfallen at having only this to report instead of the legendary continent. Eighteen years later the land which he rather despised received its first colonists.

The expedition which had watched a little planet sail across the face of the Sun had added three million square miles to the British Empire.

CAN MAN CHANGE THE CLIMATE?

A wonderful experiment is being made in Russia with the object of trying to change the climate in regions near the Volga, Black Sea, Northern Caucasus, and Southern Ukraine, where the crops are spoiled by the hot winds that blow from the Eastern deserts.

To moisten the air more than 500,000 acres of water surface are being made by a new canal 400 miles long between the Sea of Azov and the Caspian, and by three huge water reservoirs covering 150,000 acres which have lately been built. Some smaller reservoirs are also planned, and the fertile green belts will be protected from the burning winds by a million acres of forest.

AMERICA'S COLONISTS IN ALASKA

America is watching with interest a community of 200 families which, under the New Deal, were transported from the dust-ridden Middle West to the Matanuska Valley in Alaska, where in high summer the sun shines for 20 hours a day. Bumper crops are expected.

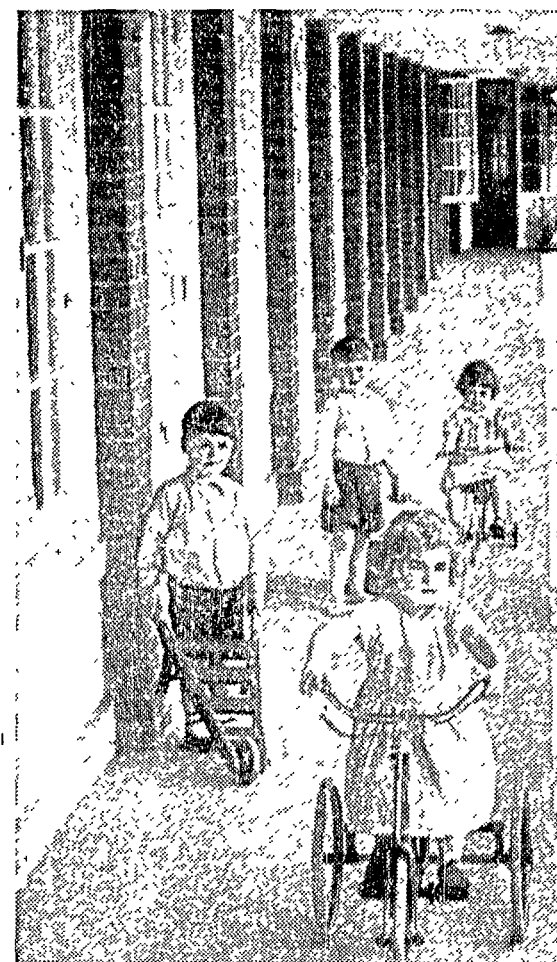
Strawberries thrive there, and last year 43 bushels of wheat to the acre were obtained. Though the winter was longer and darker it proved no colder than in the Middle West, and the pioneers were very comfortable in the log homes they had built.

The Government spent £400,000 on the colony in the year, setting up one of the finest schools in Alaska.

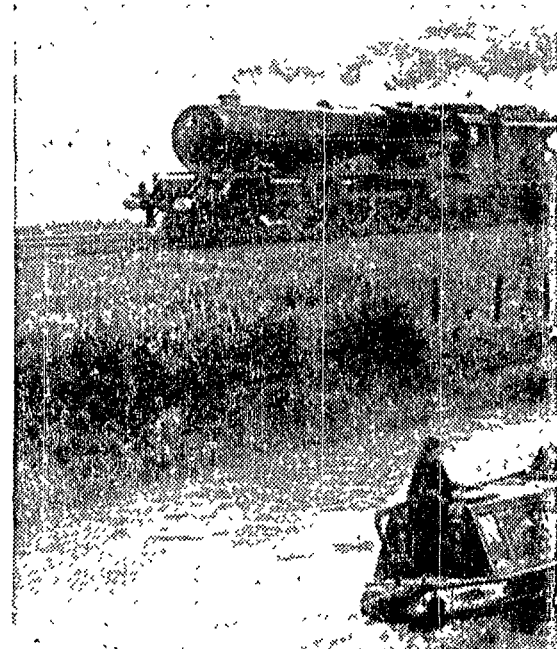
A Ride Along a



From London's Sh



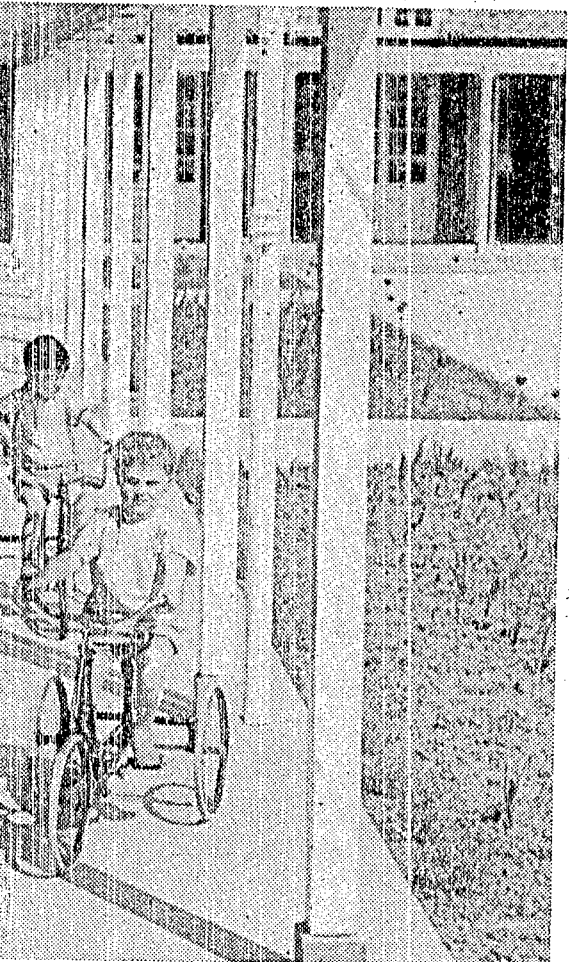
Rail and Canal—Tw



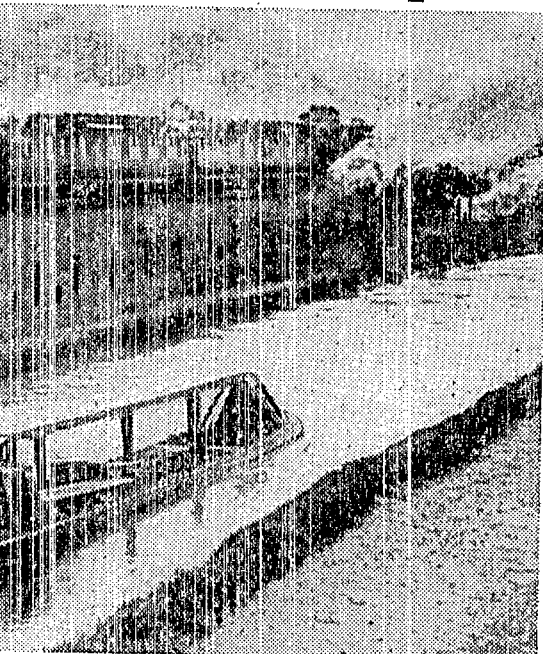
The top picture shows members of a circus at Blackpool. the Margaret McMillan House at Wrotham in Kent. Bel



ms to Sunny Kent



Ages of Transport



middle picture shows little ones from London's slums at the Royal Scot is seen passing a barge on the Oxford Canal.

MOST DAZZLING SHIP THE WORLD HAD SEEN Great Days By the Thames

Erith is waking up. It is proposing to open up the splendid view of the Thames which it now throws away, so that great liners may be seen passing by as the people sit in the gardens. Also there has just been laid down at Erith a remarkable plant for obtaining oil from coal.

It is interesting to remember that in the great days of Erith one of the biggest of the world's ships was built there.

Erith was not only a port of call but a cradle of great Tudor ships, and by her contribution to the Navy enabled Henry the Eighth to snap his fingers at the world.

His father had built the biggest merchant ships, but he revolutionised naval warfare by the construction here of the mightiest ship the world had seen, the Henri Grace à Dieu, which the nation proudly named the Great Harry.

What the Wonder Ship Carried

Until then ships had carried only little guns with power hardly exceeding that of a modern rifle, but Henry caused such guns to be cast as had never before been seen on a ship, guns which could sink a vessel or shatter a coastal town.

To carry this armament Erith built him his Great Harry in 1515, with her 21 brass cannon and 230 iron guns, ranging from 60-pounders to hand-guns. She carried 24,000 pounds of gun-powder, with cannon balls and bullets of iron, lead, and stone, and she had on board 349 soldiers, 301 sailors, and 50 gunners. It was in her that he sailed to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the ship a picture of riches, splendour, and power worthy to rank with Shakespeare's dazzling picture of Cleopatra's barge.

From her four masts, each with two rounded tops, hung sails and pendants of cloth of gold; from each of the four quarters of the fore-castle flew the Royal Standard. Streamers flew from the mast-heads; at each quarter of the deck floated the standard of St George. All round the ship, masking the portholes for the muzzles of the cannon, were shields of arms, with the Cross of St George in blue, the fleur-de-lys in silver and green and gold; with golden garters, the arms of France and England, and at the prow a golden lion. Never had such a vessel, combining warlike terror with the glory of pageantry, set out to sea.

Burned to the Water's Edge

The Great Harry was Erith's gift to the invincible navy created by Henry the Eighth. She and her successors, none so formidable as she, enabled him to defy the kings and emperors of Europe, and the Pope himself, to marry and divorce kings' daughters, and to send two wives to the block. The Great Harry lasted, queen of all the seas, for nearly 40 years, when she was accidentally burned to the water's edge at Woolwich. It is something to think about (is it not?) that this great and noble ship perished across the river from Erith, within sight of her cradle, Erith?

£4 A CAR

Great Profits on Low Margins

The theory of quick returns from small profits is remarkably illustrated by the great Ford Motor Company of Detroit, which introduced mass production into the motor-car industry and set an example to the entire world.

In 33 years Fords have made 24 million motor-cars, which would carry nearly a hundred million people.

The profit made on these cars was £156,400,000; but when we relate it to the number of cars sold it works out at about £6 10s for each car.

At present, according to the company, the average profit per car is only £4.

THE TSAR'S CALL TO THE NATIONS

Is it not interesting in these days to remember that as far back as the closing years of last century the Tsar of Russia called upon the world to banish the fear of war? This is the letter his Minister sent to all nations.

The maintenance of universal peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations in the present condition of affairs all over the world represent the ideal aims toward which the efforts of all Governments should be directed. This is the view which fully corresponds with the humanitarian and magnanimous intentions of his Majesty the Emperor, my august master.

Being convinced that this high aim agrees with the most essential interests and legitimate requirements of all the Powers, the Imperial Government considers the present moment a very favourable one for seeking by way of international discussion the most effective means of assuring for all peoples the blessings of real and lasting peace, and above all things for fixing a limit to the progressive development of present armaments.

For the Sake of Peace

During the last twenty years aspirations toward general pacification have grown particularly strong in the consciences of civilised nations. The preparation of peace has been made the aim of international policy; for the sake of peace the great Powers have formed powerful alliances, and for the purpose of establishing a better guarantee of peace they have developed their military forces in an unprecedented degree and continue to develop them in spite of every sacrifice.

All these efforts, however, have not yet led to the beneficent results of the desired pacification. The ever-increasing financial burdens attack public prosperity at its very roots. The physical and intellectual strength of the people, labour, and capital are diverted for the greater part from their natural application and wasted unproductively. Hundreds of millions are spent to obtain frightful weapons of destruction which, while being regarded today as the latest inventions of science, are destined tomorrow to be rendered obsolete by some new discovery. National culture, economic progress, and the production of

wealth are either paralysed or turned into false channels of development.

Therefore, the more the armaments of each Power increase the less they answer to the purposes and intentions of the Governments. Economic disturbances are caused in great measure by this system of extraordinary armaments, and the danger lying in this accumulation of war material renders the armed peace of today a crushing burden more and more difficult for the nations to bear. Evidently, therefore, if this situation be prolonged it will certainly lead to that very disaster which it is desired to avoid, and the horrors of which strike the human mind with terror in anticipation.

It is the supreme duty, therefore, at the present moment, of all States to put some limit to those unceasing armaments and to find means of averting the calamities which threaten the whole world. Impressed by this feeling, his Majesty the Emperor has been pleased to command me to propose to all Governments accredited to the Imperial Court the meeting of a conference to discuss this grave problem. Such a conference, with God's help, would be a happy augury for the opening century. It would powerfully concentrate the efforts of all States which sincerely wish to see the triumph of the grand idea of universal peace over the elements of trouble and discord. It would at the same time bind their agreement by the principles of law and equity which support the security of States and the welfare of peoples.

THE VERY OLD CHILDREN

A retired professor of psychology started a school for very old children in Oklahoma, and he has today more than 300 pupils, the youngest 70 years old, the oldest 111!

Acting on the theory that most old people die from infirmities brought on by having no interests in life, the professor keeps his old children at work on any light task that interests them. Useful instruction is given to them about diet, and their interest is maintained in church activities, sports, the theatres, and so on.

There are no school fees, for the experiment is being privately financed; but the school has already been running long enough to show that by a little healthy and cheerful occupation in old age life can be prolonged and made happier.

Beside a Stream One Summer's Day



OUR PATCHWORK QUILT

Mapping It Out

THE NEW SURVEY OF THE LAND AND ITS USES

A patchwork quilt is a description which has often been given to our little land with its fields of varied crops, its woodlands, its heaths and moors, its orchards and flower-strewn meadows.

How varied is the surface of our land, and how different are the uses to which it is put, is vividly shown in the admirable new series of coloured maps being issued by the Land Utilisation Survey of Britain. Based on the Ordnance Survey maps of one inch to the mile, these maps reveal at a glance what areas are arable and what pastures, what are covered with trees and with marshes and heaths, housing areas with gardens large enough to produce fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and, in contrast to them, built-up and industrial areas where nothing can be grown for food.

The Land of Britain

The maps have been produced in connection with a complete survey of the country to be published under the title of *The Land of Britain*, in about 87 parts costing 2s 6d each, or £5 if the complete set is subscribed for, prices made possible by a generous gift by the Pilgrim Trust and by the voluntary work of teachers, scholars, and Boy Scouts under the direction of Dr Dudley Stamp. The C N has already paid tribute to this excellent and most useful national work, which has been going on steadily now for over five years.

The first part of the great scheme, covering Berkshire, has just been published. Written by Mr J. Stephenson, a native of the county and one who came to know it well as an enthusiastic Rover leader, it forms a record of the various soils of its 722 square miles and the uses to which they are put. The author has divided his county into regions and discussed the geology of each and the crops grown on the arable parts of them.

An Invaluable Record

On some the rotation of crops has been followed over a number of years, a study which is of importance in securing the greatest possible amount of food from any given area. A record of this character for the whole of our island will be invaluable should it be necessary at any time to organise our own food supplies, as we had to do during the war.

The book is enriched with 33 invaluable maps and diagrams, many of them based on the six-inch Ordnance Survey maps. The coloured one-inch maps on which Berkshire appears are published at 4s, and the University of Reading and Lord Iliffe, the patron for this county, have contributed generously to their cost.

The C N congratulates all those lovers of their country who have helped in this great scheme, and looks forward to the rest of a work which has begun so well.

FAME'S INITIALS

Names and Nicknames the World Knows

How many men in England does the world know by their initials?

Death has removed one in Mr Chesterton, whom everybody recognised as G. K. C., shortened for the title of his paper to G. K.

Lord Baden-Powell has perhaps outlived the vogue of his initials, but until receiving his peerage he was everywhere known as B.-P. It will be interesting to see how long the world remembers Mr G. W. Russell, for whom the initials A. E. were a worldwide passport to recognition.

Even children know that the initials R. L. S. represent Robert Louis Stevenson, though it is 40 years since he died; but do their parents as readily recall Sir F. C. Gould, the incomparable F. C. G., cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*?

Perhaps South Africa remembers better than we do at home what the letters C. B. stand for; they are the initials by which we all knew Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Prime Minister who, after Great Britain had defeated the Boers, gave them what they had been fighting for, so earning their eternal gratitude.

The Grand Old Man

The only initials that have lasted in politics are those of the affectionate nickname of Mr Gladstone, whose title of Grand Old Man is still recognisable in the familiar G.O.M. Of the rest only two nicknames survive—Dizzy for Lord Beaconsfield and Old Pam for Lord Palmerston.

Fate seems capricious in determining the fame or oblivion of nicknames of the great. For twenty years after Kipling spoke of Lord Roberts as Bobs all white men knew him by that name, but it had lapsed before he lay down to die amid the thunder of the guns during the Great War. On the other hand every boy knows the Duke of Wellington as the Iron Duke; yet the title came slowly, even accidentally, not coined for him, but borrowed from one of the earliest ships built of steel, called the Iron Duke.

A man must have earned great popularity, or at least notoriety, to be generally known by his initials. Not a single cricketer of today enjoys the distinction, but they were born into a generation which thrilled at the sound of W. G., for by those initials cricketers the world over knew Dr Grace.

MARCONI MOUNTAINS

An Italian explorer, Father Agostini, has discovered a new chain of mountains in Southern Patagonia, and the range has been called Marconi.

The Marconi Mountains are situated between the Viedma Lake and the Eyre Fiord, and are surrounded by eternal ice. No man has yet climbed them, but a party of Alpinists has decided to attempt the ascent next year.

A PLAIN BOOK OF MYSTERY

The Alchemist of Today

Modern Alchemy, By Dorothy Fisk. Faber. 6s.

This is one of the lucid books on the atom and radio-activity which anyone can read with pleasure and profit.

With very little scientific language and with clear explanations of such technical terms as are essential to her subject, the author carries the reader along from the legendary story of Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom, to the latest miracles performed in the laboratories of M. Curie-Joliot and his wife, and to the creation of the new element, Number 93, by Professor Fermi.

There is a strong human interest running through the book, and the note is struck at once in the introduction, which tells the story of the ancient alchemists searching for the Philosopher's Stone. Some modern young people are apt to scoff at these sages, but Miss Fisk does not, seeing in their optimistic spirit as they gloated over a few grains of yellow metal something of the faith in the future which inspires the workers in a no less exacting, though more exact, field today. During hundreds of years the ancient alchemist evolved the science of chemistry, founded medicine, and blazed a trail for the physicist.

Will He Make Gold?

The modern alchemist is not asked to make gold, though it is conceivable he may produce it. Has he not already transmuted silver into cadmium? But he is engaged in more useful fields, such as the production of artificial substances which will take the place of radium and will possess only the curative qualities of that substance.

The achievements of our modern alchemists are, of course, more magnificent and more miraculous than any of their medieval forerunners, and the author narrates them in an arresting and masterly manner. There are very few who can write simply about the amazing revolution in the knowledge of matter which this century has witnessed, but Miss Fisk is of the elect.

DEATH IN THE DUST

America's Safety Codes

Dust explosions are becoming more frequent, and visit industries in which danger was not suspected.

The American Labour Department finds that the utilisation of by-products and waste materials results in the production of large quantities of explosive dusts, and have greatly increased the risk.

Flour mills, wood-working mills, starch factories, grain elevators, and pulverised fuel works are among many trades liable to explosions costly in life and treasure.

Cleanliness, care of electric connections, the use of ball-bearings, removal of dust, and prohibition of smoking are among many preventive factors named in America's Safety Codes.

On Mechanised Gardening

TROUBLE IN THE HEATHER

Two Little Villains at Work

Two little villains are working evil in the heather of our hills and moors, bringing woe to sheep, birds, bees, poets, artists, and foresters. They are the heather beetle and the heather weevil, twin ruffians of the wilds.

Possibly aided by recent favourable summers the beetles have risen to numbers before unknown, and in swarming time rise in clouds to fly far and invade houses, dairies, larders, even beds and clothes. That might be borne with a grumble, but in the open they are eating up great tracts of heather.

The weevils, feeding, like the beetles, on the heather, extend their range of mischief by passing on to the multitudes of tiny pines with which the Government is seeking to create forests in heath-growing areas. Both pests can be checked by burning the heather at the right time, but that process, while permitting the heather to spring up again from the roots, is fatal to the little trees, which if left unburnt are crippled or killed by the weevils.

Insect-Eaters Wanted

There is a call here for insect-eating birds with a sense of duty, for naturalists know of no obvious remedy: they cannot encourage the natural parasite of the two enemies, for the parasite is not yet discovered. If ladybirds would add these beetles and weevils to their diet of greenfly the remedy would be simple, for we can breed those little treasures of the garden and orchard.

Heather, clothing the wilds with beauty and forming a subject for the poet and the painter, is food for sheep, bed and diet to hosts of birds, and a fountain of sustenance to bees when flowering-time is come, yielding nectar which renders heather honey so full of flavour and fragrance.

There was a wise old chemist who earned reputation and fortune from home-made lavender-water which his patrons said had no equal, and for which they gladly paid him a price representing a penny a spot. The secret of its excellence was that, when making it, he added a little heather honey, sent to him in London every year from the northern moors, to which bees had been taken in their hives when nectar was at high tide in the heather-bells.

THE BLOW-LAMP IN THE FOREST

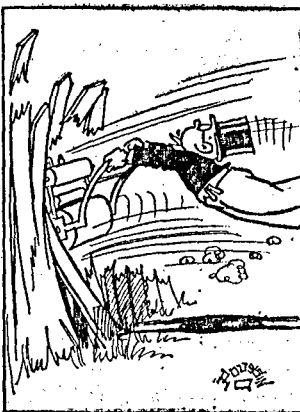
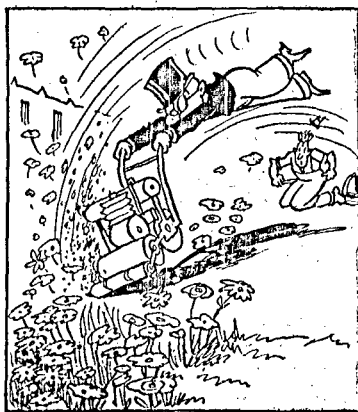
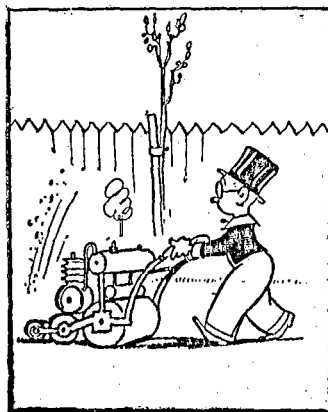
We do not expect to find a plumber at work in a forest, and probably he is not there; but his blow-lamp is, and is doing great work for the preservation of our timber Young Hopefuls.

Like farms and gardens, forests have weeds, and these spring up before seeds from the trees have germinated, not only choking the growth of the seedling trees, but sowing their own seeds and making a jungle of what should be a plantation for the trees of tomorrow.

So, where space permits, skilled men work with a blow-lamp whose flame can be directed on the heads of the weeds before the seeds have formed. The harmful growths can be destroyed without hurting the tree-seeds lying asleep in the earth, for the soil affords ample protection against the flame.

Down die the weeds; the seeds germinate later, rear their heads into the daylight, and have a fair field and no unfair competition to challenge and impair their growth. We can dispense with the aid of the plumber here, but his lamp is a treasure in spring to the forester, as it is in winter to the householder whose pipes are frozen.

A Few Words From Theophilus



ALL IN AT WIMBLEDON

FROM CHINA TO CHILE

The Fate of Nations on the Famous Centre Court

BATTLES OF THE GIANTS

Wimbledon is on its way. The sands are running out from the hour-glass, and the list of players, which on Monday held 128 names in the Men's Singles and 96 in the Women's Singles, is steadily diminishing.

The loss has been among those of less account. The ranks of the young giants, men and women, who will survive to meet on the Centre Court next week are not yet perceptibly thinned, though the Centre Court has already had its thrilling encounters, like that between the pocket Hercules B. M. Grant of U S A, whom his American friends call Bitsy, and H. Henkel of Germany.

20 to 30 Countries at Play

Those who go to Wimbledon only now and then generally think of this best of all tournaments in terms of the Centre Court, where the fate of nations is decided. But others who for pleasure or duty go often know that some of the most entertaining hours are spent there in the early days of the first week, when all the outside courts are full and from afternoon till dusk some twenty to thirty countries are at play. Many of the players who have come from as far as China or Argentina will not be seen again till another year.

They have deserved well of their countries, and these young men and maidens are the rank and file from among whom the leaders in future years may be drawn. It is well to see them while there is yet time.

Perry at the Head

There will be plenty of excitement when the giants meet, because the draw has been made so that, if there are no unwarranted surprises on the way, the strongest will remain longest. Fred Perry, for example, could not meet the German rival who beat him in France till Saturday week, and Miss Helen Jacobs of America, who just missed the championship against her country's other Helen last year, must wait till that day, or the one before, to renew her recent battle in the Wightman Cup with Miss Dorothy Round.

For all these four there are many rivers to be crossed before they reach the stage when there is only one match more to be played and only one other player between them and the Championship. Each of the most eminent men players stands among a smaller selected company of 16. Perry heads one of these sixteens; Von Cramm, A. K. Quist and Jack Crawford of Australia, W. L. Allison, Donald Budge, and "Bitsy" Grant of America, and H. W. Austin, the best Englishman who has never won the Championship, are the prefects of others. It is so arranged that these can meet only in later stages.

An Exciting Spectacle

So also with Miss Dorothy Round and Miss Kay Stammers of Great Britain, Miss Helen Jacobs and Mrs Fabyan, whom we knew better as Miss Sarah Palfrey, of America; Fru Sperling of Denmark, who was Fraulein Krahwinkel of Germany; Madame Mathieu of France, Mlle Jedrzejska of Poland, and Senorita Lizana of Chile. All these have many to beat before they can meet one another. Like the men, they play in very different styles.

All, men and women, may fall early by the way, but while they remain, or even when they go, Wimbledon remains one of the most exciting and entertaining spectacles of the year. It supplements these thrilling single combats with three kinds of doubles, and these as much as any other encounter serve to remind us that lawn tennis at Wimbledon is a contest is also a game.

THE WANDER YEARS

FOR ALL OF US

Journeys in a Magic Land

The President of the Library Association, Mr Ernest Savage of Edinburgh, was giving some wise advice not long ago on the choice of books by young folks.

He fixed on the years between the ages of 16 and 32 as the time when the young should adventure for themselves widely in the romantic world of books, and become readers of books for love of them. These years he called the Wander Years of readers.

The phrase has romantic associations. Well-to-do people formerly regarded several years of foreign travel as indispensable for the completion of a boy's education. Apprentices to the skilled trades launched forth into the world at large as soon as they had fulfilled their years of apprenticeship, so that by experience they might extend the mastery of their craft, and these searchers for knowledge were known as journeymen.

Secret of the Love of Books

Mr Savage was all for youth journeying widely in the magic land of literature, as a wandering adventure, and nearly every genuine lover of books will agree with him, especially where a public librarian of the modern type is at hand to hint where the best treasures are to be found.

The secret of the intelligent love of books which brighten so many millions of lives is that one should be able to form his own opinion. That can only come naturally through wide wanderings in the happy land of books. Unfortunately the tendency of today is for batches of critics to herd their readers into admiration of whatever books happen to have the greatest sale at the moment but that probably will be dead before the year is out.

It is only by knowing the glorious literature of our English tongue that the commonplace and trivial can be judged, and this involves wide and free reading of many kinds, with self-respect enough to stand by one's own opinion.

Following the herd instinct in the choice of books is the meanest form of literary appreciation. The habit of wide browsing in all forms of bookish knowledge is the only way of building-up literary self-respect, and when once formed it never ceases its benedictions.

THE COBBLER'S LEG OF GOLD

A True Fairy Tale

A one-legged shoemaker who disappeared from his usual haunts last week showed the way to make the most of his infirmity.

He used to visit houses and ask people to subscribe to the cost of a wooden leg. Few refused the poor fellow, who, while he was waiting in the hall, took a note of its probable contents and the number of maids in it.

It was this pursuit rather than that of a new artificial leg which brought him before the Court of London Sessions, where neither the magistrate nor the police lent a sympathetic ear to his tale. So far from giving sympathy, the court gave him 21 months, and the police added that he had a smaller sentence last year.

But for five years he had collected about £1000 a year by telling the tale to people who did not know him so well as the police. He might well think with Tom Hood's Miss Kilmansegg that

*People who stand on legs of gold
Are sure to stand well with society.*

But we do not know which to marvel at most, the impudence of the impostor or the charity of those who so generously supported him. There must be many kind, too kind, people in the world.

BONUS POLITICS

America Sends Millions By Post

REMARKABLE STORY

As America entered the World War in its third year, and had then to raise and train an army, she did not take a great part in the fighting and lost relatively few men.

Nevertheless America raised 3,518,000 soldiers, and if the war had continued into 1919 most of them would have been sent to Europe. In actual fact, however, most of them never left America.

But the 3,518,000 are all called "war veterans," and have conducted an astonishing and successful agitation for war bonuses.

This month 38,000,000 War Bonus Bonds have been paid out to these veterans, their value ranging from £12 to £300 and the total reaching £380,000,000.

Bonus Bill after Bonus Bill failed owing to the veto of either the Senate or the President. Two Presidents (Coolidge and Roosevelt) vetoed the legislation. Last year Congress passed the Bonus, but Mr Roosevelt refused his consent. This year Congress passed the Bill, and under the Constitution the President could not veto it again.

The measure was the outcome of defiant political action, supported by members of Congress who were afraid to oppose it. It speaks volumes for Mr Roosevelt's courage that he resisted to the limit of his power, and we may be sure his refusal will lose him votes in the next election.

As much as £140,000,000 of War Bonus was paid out to "veterans" who never left their training grounds. It is the biggest windfall in history, and it speaks volumes for the astonishing condition of American politics.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Increasing Use of Wireless in the Classroom

THE MOST POPULAR TALKS

After this week there will be no more School Broadcasts until the autumn, when a revised and extended programme of courses will begin.

These wireless talks have proved a great success, and Broadcasting House has been finding out which are the most popular with boys and girls.

Travel talks lead the field in order of popularity with 2120 schools listening to them. These broadcasts are given by speakers chosen for their intimate knowledge of the country they describe.

Nature Study talks, designed for listeners in rural schools, and British History take second place with 1792 listening schools. Anyone who has listened to Miss Rhoda Power's fascinating British History narratives, either at school or at home, can easily understand the reasons for their popularity. They are little scenes from the past enacted by experienced radio players.

Regional Geography, Discovering England, Friday Talks, Senior Music, and Tracing History Backward follow in order of popularity with schools.

Out of the twenty broadcast courses available ten are listened to by well over a thousand schools, and the numbers in every case show at least 100 per cent increase since the last census was taken a year ago. The number of schools listening to the Friday Talks and Stories has increased by 600 per cent, while a 400 per cent increase is shown for Discovering England, a course designed to encourage listeners in rural schools to learn about their districts and compare them with others.

Figures show that every day more and more teachers are deciding to enlist the aid of broadcasting experts and are using the broadcasts with care and intelligence to illuminate their lessons.

A TEST FOR ALL

INDIA

A Meeting With England On the Cricket Field

SATURDAY'S MATCH AT LORD'S

All India is to meet the full strength of All England on Saturday at Lord's, and all England wishes them the best of luck.

They have not had much since they landed on our shores, with expectations reflected in the opinions formed by English cricketers of their skill. Ranjitsinhji, who batted for England, Dulcepsinhji and the Nawab of Pataudi, who played for English teams, have given our cricketers the highest appreciation of what Indian cricket can be. The all-round skill recently shown by Indian cricketers on their own wickets strengthened the hope that when they were assembled as a team, playing together day after day, they would prove a very hard eleven to beat. They were expected to give a hard game to all but our strongest counties.

Much Good Material

The men in the Indian Eleven justified the view. They had, and have, a sound captain in the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram, fine bats in Major Nayudu, the captain's right-hand man, S. Wazir Ali, V. Merchant, and Mushtaq Ali; and some of them have proved it in the difficult times they have experienced since they came. Nissar is a bowler good enough for any eleven. He is backed up by L. P. Jai, a stylish bat as well as bowler, P. E. Palia, Mushtaq Ali, Amir Elahi, and possibly in the coming match by Major Nayudu's younger brother.

With all this good material how is it that the Indian Eleven failed week after week to win a match? The simplest answer is that the weather of an early summer, which, in an English poet's phrase, set in with its usual severity, was too much for cricketers used to the heat and sunshine on hard Indian wickets.

They never could get going. Their second handicap was that, notwithstanding their excellence as individuals, they could not settle down into a team. Their fielding was only good in parts. It did not save runs as it should because the backing-up was poor, and the field was not arranged with due regard for the powers of the bowler, or for the qualities of the opposing batsmen who were playing it.

A Lesson To Be Learned

In an Australian or South African fielding side the men are constantly moved so as to block the batsman's best strokes or catch him from his bad ones; and that has been the reason why these elevens have been so formidable. Their scientific placing of the field has made commonplace bowling strong and good bowling deadly. The Indian Eleven has still to learn the lesson.

They are learning it, and they are taking the difficult instruction in the best of spirits and good temper. They are not likely to beat an English Eleven which has been chosen so as to find our best men for the tour in Australia, but everyone hopes that they will make their best effort up to date. They will fare better than hitherto before they leave us, and next time will have something more to teach as well as learn.

123

43,207 new motor-vehicles were registered in April.

78,000 people are employed by the London Passenger Transport Board.

1,323,432 people in England and Wales were receiving poor relief at the end of March.

2,052,000 pigs will be converted into bacon in British factories this year.

2,343,992 bunches of bananas were imported through Southampton last year.

SUN THREE MILLION MILES FARTHER OFF

Why the Weather is Warmer

HOW WE TRAVEL 11,000 MILES ON A SUMMER DAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will be partially hidden by the Earth's shadow on Saturday, July 4, but as this event will finish some two hours before the Moon rises, as seen from Britain, this small eclipse will be visible only from eastern and southern lands.

On Friday, July 3, the Sun will have attained his greatest distance from the Earth for this year and will be about 94,454,000 miles away; he will thus be some 3,113,000 miles farther from us than he was on January 4, when at his nearest. It would therefore cost us, travelling at a penny a mile, nearly £13,000 more to get to the Sun now than at the beginning of the year.

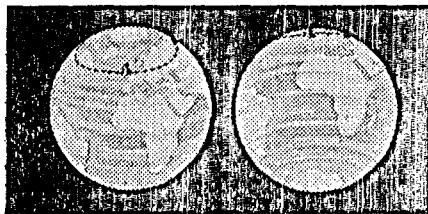
The Earth's Tilt

There are some hopeless schemes for getting to the Moon and Mars, but so far no one has been so daft as to plan a journey to the Sun. We delight in his beneficent warmth at this distance and find that the varying three million miles makes but little perceptible difference to us, owing to the tilting of the Earth's axis which turns our Northern Hemisphere most toward the Sun just at the time when our world has wandered to its farthest from him; otherwise our winters would be much colder and our summers hotter.

This fortunate tilt keeps the Sun above the horizon for much longer each day of summer, and so we receive his rays more directly and through a thinner stratum of atmosphere. In addition, the Earth being farther from the Sun causes our summers to be longer than our winters, because the Earth being farther from the Sun travels slower in her orbit owing to his reduced gravitational pull.

In consequence of all this our summer is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ days longer than our winter, the Earth taking about 186½ days to travel over half the length of her orbit from the Spring Equinox in March to the Autumn Equinox in September, while from September to March the journey takes 179 days.

It is otherwise in the Southern Hemisphere. Australia, New Zealand,



The path of the British Isles in the sunshine of a midsummer day (left) and a mid-winter day (right) shown by the broken line

South Africa, and South America have only 179 days of summer. Moreover, they are farthest from the Sun in winter and also tilted away from him, so climatic conditions, latitude for latitude, are not nearly so good in the Southern Hemisphere, while the ice-cap encircling the South Pole is much greater than that round the North Pole. However, the great preponderance of water in the Southern Hemisphere, by retaining the heat of summer, so modifies the cold of winter that milder conditions prevail than would otherwise be the case in the temperate regions.

The accompanying picture shows at a glance how it comes about that our summers are so much warmer, notwithstanding the fact that we are nearly 400 times the Earth's diameter farther away, the path in the Sun along which Britain is carried by the Earth's rotation being about 11,000 miles long on a mid-summer day, whereas it is barely 5000 miles long in mid-winter. G. F. M.

MIDSUMMER DAY

High Festival of Light and Beauty

From a Correspondent in Austria

Midsummer Day, June 24, has always been one of the Red Letter days of mankind.

Early in the Bronze Age thousands gathered at Stonehenge to watch the sun rise on the longest day, and at Rollright Stones on the borders of Warwickshire the custom of greeting the sunrise was long observed. Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream bases its fairy elements on customs and beliefs which lingered long into the age of Christianity.

In the rural districts of Austria Midsummer Day has been celebrated from time immemorial. As the day approaches the boys of the towns and villages gather wood from the forests and pile them on some free hill overlooking their village. There gather the villagers at nightfall with bands playing. They carry rockets, torches, and old brooms, and an effigy is placed on the bonfire. As the flames leap up the young people light their brooms and swing them as they dance wildly round the fire, pairs of lovers jumping over it as it dies down.

Villages by lakes and broad rivers celebrate this festival on the water, thousands of eggshells being half filled with oil and sent afloat. Boats of all shapes and sizes carry garlands of fairy-lights, while in one of them is a band of musicians.

In the bigger towns floodlighting on prominent buildings brings the age-old festival right up-to-date.

THE PLANE THAT FLIES BY NIGHT

Making the Skyway Safe

Year by year the planes that fly by night increase in numbers, and their perils increase with them.

Those who hear the throb of their engines in the darkness can guess at some of them, but the peril the pilot fears most is collision with some object on the ground as he glides to his aerodrome.

Wireless and directing beams and beacons may guide him, but the risk of striking a building as he nears earth is always present. The risk has increased with the height of buildings.

It has now been proposed that any building over 50 feet high near an aerodrome should be floodlit; but when the proposal came before Parliament many opposed it because of the expense to the owners of such buildings.

But the idea throws a strange light on the days and nights to come when the pathways of the skies will have to be lit like the roadways of a city. Who would have thought a few years ago that the man who puts up a high building might be compelled to floodlight it to make the sky safe for travellers?

BRING THE HERRING TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Dear C.N.—May an old friend, who is an old friend also of the herring, write to support your suggestion for bringing it boneless to the breakfast table?

No special apparatus is required. All that is needed is that the cook should do the boning. She should split the herring open and take out the backbone and side pieces before she begins to cook. Then, having bread-crumbed the herring, she may fry or grill it, and the result will be a dish, a fish, fit for a king.

The writer is not a king, but he enjoys this royal dainty at least once a week, and finds no food more delicious.

A HERRING BREAKFASTER

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

- June 28. Rousseau born at Geneva . . . 1712
- 29. Rubens the artist born at Siegen . . . 1577
- 30. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died . . . 1861
- July 1. The Confederation of Canada . . . 1867
- 2. Thomas Cranmer born, Nottinghamshire . . . 1489
- 3. Henry Grattan born in Dublin . . . 1746
- 4. Nathaniel Hawthorne born, Salem, USA . . . 1804

Thomas Cranmer

Thomas Cranmer was a Nottinghamshire boy who became first an Oxford teacher and then a Roman Catholic



Thomas Cranmer

priest, but held the view that the King and the State had a right to fix men's religion.

This gained him the goodwill of Henry the Eighth, who made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and found him a submissive

servant. But Cranmer's real views became Protestant as the English Church changed. When Queen Mary, who was a Roman Catholic, began to reign Cranmer was in a fix. He had argued for the right of the Sovereign to rule in religion, and Mary began to rule against the religion he really held. What was he to do? It was a time of persecution, and he had persecuted Catholics. Now he recanted, and denied his own beliefs.

In spite of that he was condemned to be burned. Then, at the last, he plucked up courage and spoke his mind honestly, holding his right hand first in the flames with the words, "Perish this unworthy hand," because it had signed a dishonest withdrawal from his real faith.

Cranmer was a coward whose courage came to him at the eleventh hour. For that he is remembered; but his greatest work was his translation of the Litany from Latin into most beautiful English.

THE MAORIS AND THE BAGS OF GOLD

"Maoris are the soul of honour, and their word is their bond," says Mr T. E. Crosse, who has lived among them for more than 80 years.

He told the following story the other day in recalling the pioneer times when his father settled at Patangata.

It was in 1857 that Sir George Cooper set out on a dangerous journey from Wellington to buy land from the Maoris for the Government. He took with him £5000 in sovereigns, carried by packhorses and bullocks.

As the Maoris could not agree about the division of the money he was obliged to leave before the matter was settled. Travelling was so difficult that he left the bags of gold in the corner of a shed and promised to return later and allot the shares. He returned many weeks later, hardly knowing what to expect, but the money was untouched where he had left it, not a sovereign missing.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. for June, 1911

Keeping the Wolf From the Poor Man's Door. A wonderful thing is happening in Parliament, something the like of which not the oldest man in the kingdom can remember. One of the most important measures of social reform ever drafted in the history of the world has been presented to the House of Commons by Mr Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and men of all parties have welcomed it with a generous enthusiasm.

It is a scheme by which every man, woman, boy, and girl in the United Kingdom who works for less than £3 per week is to be insured, so that if they fall ill, or lose their employment, their income shall not wholly cease.

THE ONLY SCHOOL OF ITS KIND

Teaching the Dumb To Speak

WHAT THE TELEFACTOR DOES

One of the strangest schools in the world is carried on at the Infants Hospital, Westminster; it is a school for teaching poor mites who are born deaf, and are consequently dumb, how to speak.

They are taught by Mr Philip Franklin to learn the meaning of spoken sounds through their fingers. They hear through the sense of touch, and then are encouraged to try to repeat with their undeveloped organs of speech the sounds conveyed to them.

Sounds come to those who are not deaf as vibrations of air beating on the ear drums. Sound vibrations may be picked up by the finger-tips or the bones of the head, and so passed on to the brain; but these parts of the body are only a hundred-thousandth part as sensitive as the ear drum.

Consequently an instrument, the Telefactor, is employed for the deaf and dumb children. It has a thin vibrating plate on which the child places its finger-tips. At the same time the plate conveys its vibrations to very sensitive earphones and to a microphone for the child. The instructor utters words and sounds through another microphone.

The Child's Sound Memory

The child learns, through the vibrations imparted by the plate to head and finger-tip, to distinguish between the sounds uttered by the instructor. Then it begins to make sounds itself and learns to see what effect they have on the vibrating plate, and how they are returned to its own fingers and earphones.

In this way, as soon as it grows used to this strange toy, Mr Franklin and his fellow teachers get to work to make the child learn by heart words and phrases and to repeat the sounds.

Toys like those of a Noah's Ark, picture books, and dolls supplement the teaching and help to fix such words as cat and dog, and bigger things in real life, in the child's sound memory.

There is only one such school in Europe, and it has 90 pupils on its books. Twenty come regularly every week. Some who were all but deaf and quite dumb a year ago, when they were children of four or five, have learned a lot of words and phrases, and can count!

A GATEWAY INTO THE OLDEST ENGLISH GARDEN

The Pilgrim Trust Again

Some wonderful work to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of King George has been carried out by the Pilgrim Trust at Westminster.

The outer wall of the Great Dormitory of the famous school, on the right of Burlington's familiar gateway, has been stripped of the cement with which it was defaced, the original brickwork has been pointed, and the windows of the original design have been restored. An old fives court and some ugly outbuildings have given place to a wall pierced by an ornamental wrought-iron gate.

The gate gives access to College Garden, the oldest garden in England, where in olden time convalescent monks were wont to take the air.

This splendid work was handed over to the Dean of Westminster last week by Lord Macmillan, chairman of the Pilgrim Trust, in the presence of the masters and boys of Westminster School.

In addition to the work referred to King George's Silver Jubilee has been marked by a contribution of the Trust to the preservation of part of the Malvern Hills.

THE PLUNDER PIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 9 Hard Going

CHAD touched his brother's arm. "Get down," he said; "behind the rock. He mustn't see us."

Both ducked behind the boulder and crouched there with their heads just above it, watching. The distance was too great to make out details. All they could see was a tiny figure with a pail in his hand strolling down from the mine house to the small brook that poured southward through the valley. The man reached it, filled his pail, went back up the hill, and vanished inside the ruinous-looking stone building, which stood on a ledge about two hundred yards from the water. They waited a long time but nothing else happened.

Clive looked at Chad. "What about it?" he asked.

"Got to have a look," Chad said. "The job will be to do it without being spotted."

Clive frowned. "That's a fact."

"Best dodge will be to go round to the back of the hill above the mine house," Chad said. "It looks like rough ground on the top, and we shall be near enough to spot what sort of chaps they are."

"Yes, if they come out again; but it strikes me we shall have to wait till dark to find if they've really got Jan there."

Chad nodded. "That's quite likely," he agreed.

"But what about Wanda and her father? They'll get the wind up properly if we don't get back."

"It can't be helped," said Chad firmly. "Besides, I'm not so sure we shall have to wait. It looks to me as if there was a vein down which we could crawl without being spotted."

"What's a vein?" Clive demanded.

"One of those deep channels cut by a cloudburst. Look at that dark line down the hillside just beyond the mine building."

"I see," Clive's voice was eager again. "Yes, that would bring us pretty close. Come on."

"Not yet. We're both a bit fagged, and it's going to be tough work crawling down that vein. Best thing we can do is to stop up here a bit in the cool and eat our sandwiches. There's no hurry, and it may cloud up later. There's a misty look over in the west."

"Cloud!" said Clive. "There'll be another of those busting thunderstorms, if I know anything. All right, let's lunch. I'm hungry enough."

Bacon sandwiches made with home-made bread and home-cured bacon and large slices of excellent sultana cake were eaten and enjoyed, then the two slipped down the reverse side of the hill in search of water. They found a spring. It was ice-cold and most refreshing, and after drinking they went back to their post of observation.

There was no sign of movement about the ruined mine house, and they both realised how lucky they had been to spot the man with the bucket. If it hadn't been for that they might have walked right into the place. Meantime the cloud rose slowly, but, though at last it covered the sun, there was not yet any sign of a thunderstorm.

It was now between three and four o'clock, and, as the haze thickened, Chad decided they might as well push on. But he warned Clive they must not show themselves, so they worked round the back of the ridge into some thick heather and, creeping through this, got down into the low ground at the back of the hill in which the mine was.

All this took a long time and it was nearly five before they had climbed the hill and found themselves immediately above the mine building. By this time the cloud had thickened to a sort of hot yellow haze—almost a fog—and feeling pretty sure that no one could see them, even if they were watching, the pair snaked along the hill-top until they reached the head of the vein. The top of this was shallow, but farther down it deepened and grew more narrow.

"The very thing for us," Clive said. "It will take us within fifty yards of the building."

"Yes, but those fifty yards are all open," Chad warned him. "We may have to wait till dark after all."

"That don't matter so long as we get Jan," Clive declared.

Chad looked at him. "My dear chap, you surely don't imagine we can rescue Jan. It would be perfectly crazy to think of it. What earthly chance should we have against a couple of big men? And there may be more than two. We haven't even sticks to tackle them."

Clive looked crestfallen. "What are we going to do, then?" he asked almost sulkily.

"Find out if Jan is there. If he is we go back and fetch the police."

Clive grunted. He wasn't at all pleased. But that was Clive all over. Quite fearless and ready to run into any sort of trouble, but seldom giving a thought to how he might get out of it again. It was lucky for him Chad was with him.

They crept down the bottom of the vein. Some ancient cloudburst had cut the peat and gravel right down to the boulders which lay beneath the top layer of soil, and it was about the nastiest travelling that anyone could imagine, for the loose boulders kept slipping under their weight and they had to be very careful not to let any break loose and go rattling down the steep slope. As they got farther down the boulders gave way to mud, thin, black, peaty stuff which was horribly slippery. To make matters still worse there wasn't a breath of air and it was hotter than ever.

It seemed to Clive they spent half a lifetime crawling and creeping until the vein was deep enough to allow them to walk upright, and almost as long before Chad, who was leading, signed to him to stop.

"We're about opposite the mine house," Chad whispered. "Wait till I have a look over the edge." He crept up the slippery bank and peered through the fringe of heather on top. "All clear," he said; "but we'd better wait a bit until this mist grows thicker."

Clive climbed up beside him.

"We may wait for hours," he complained. "See here, Chad, I'm smaller than you, and there's quite a lot of cover—boulders and tufts of heather. Let me go ahead and get under the window and listen. I'll soon find if Jan's there."

Chad's lips tightened. "Nothing doing. It's both or none. And we shan't have to wait very long. It's getting thicker all the time. Get down and we'll rest a bit. I'm fairly dripping."

Clive knew it was no use arguing when Chad put his foot down. They dropped back into the bottom of the vein and made themselves as comfortable as they could. They waited about half an hour, and all the time the odd yellow haze thickened. At last Chad got up.

"Now, if you're ready, Clive," he said. "But just remember you have to follow me and not make a sound. I've a notion these fellows we're up against are about as tough as they make them."

CHAPTER 10 The Storm Breaks

HARDLY a sound could be heard as the two boys crept across the fifty yards which separated them from the old mine house. Indeed, the silence which brooded over the moor was uncanny. Not a curlew cried, and the only thing that broke the stillness was the faint gurgle of the little stream which ran along the bottom of the valley.

The mine house stood on a mass of reddish earth and rock, the dump from the mine, and had a most desolate appearance. It was built of granite and roofed with slabs of stone, some of which had slipped off. The paint had long gone from the woodwork, no smoke rose from the chimney, and if he had not actually seen the man who went down for water Chad could never have believed that the ancient ruin was inhabited.

There was not a sound from the building, and presently they were both safe behind it. Chad put his fingers to his lips for silence and pressed his ear against the wall. "Can't hear a thing," he whispered after a moment. "If it hadn't been for seeing that man I'd never believe there was anyone here."

"Don't worry," came a jeering voice. "There's someone here all right. And been waiting for you all day."

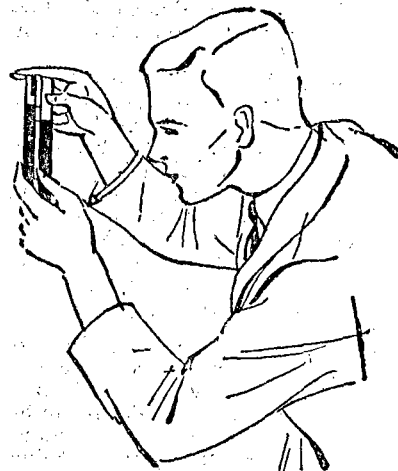
They looked up to see a tall, hard-faced man with a skin dark as a Spaniard's standing over them.

Chad was on his feet in a flash. He did not hesitate a second but charged straight at the man. The force of his rush knocked the fellow right off his feet, but as he fell he grasped Chad and pulled him down too. Clive sprang to the rescue, only to be confronted by a second man, who seized him by the collar and swung him round. This second man was shorter than the other, but almost as broad as he was long. His strength was tremendous and Clive was helpless in his grasp.

"No use your fighting, young shaver," he remarked. "Just keep still and no harm won't come to you. You got the other, Jake?"

Continued on page 14

MILES OF MILK

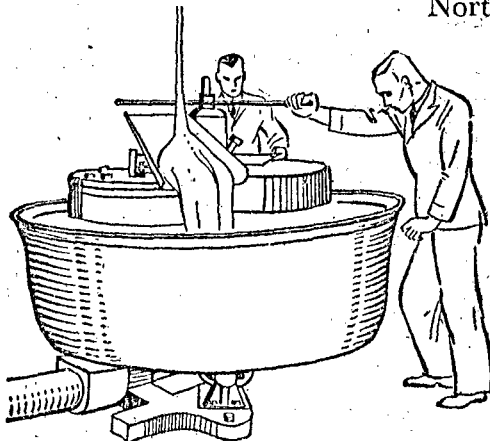


'You can't get a quart into a pint pot.' And yet Cadburys use a pound weight of milk in a half-pound block of chocolate! This is how it is done. The milk is concentrated to the thickness of cream; only the water is driven off; all the goodness and those mysterious things called 'vitamins' are left. It actually takes a pound weight of milk to produce the concentrated milk for a half-pound block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. Cadburys, you see, use the milk generously; their milk order last year was for 20 million gallons! This 20 million gallons of milk would fill a canal 20 miles long, 10 feet wide and 3 feet deep.

The milk is fresh, full-cream *British* milk. Cadburys will not hear of any milk except *British*. Remember when next you buy a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate, *you are purchasing milk from British cows*. You might even persuade your father that eating 'Cadburys' is a patriotic duty! Try your luck.

Equally important is the purity of this milk. Samples of every hatch are analysed and have to pass the strictest tests.

Milk is the best of all foods. Add to milk fine quality chocolate (chocolate is a great energy-giver) and you have—in Cadburys Milk Chocolate—a highly concentrated food; a food which athletes include in their training diet; which mountaineers have taken to the 'roof of the world'; which explorers have taken North of 85°; a food which is the standby of men of action everywhere.



Get your FREE COPY NOW!



The Cococub News is the magazine of the Cococubs. In it you will obtain full particulars of how to join the Cococubs, the club for boys and girls who love the Children's Bournville Cocoa. Cococubs have a badge, a secret code, secret signs and get the Cococub News regularly.

FREE

Jonathan,
Cadbury Bros. Ltd.,
Bournville

Just fill in this coupon and post it to Jonathan

TO JONATHAN, CADBURY BROS. LTD.,
BOURNVILLE

Please send me a free copy of the latest issue of the Cococub News

Name.....

Address.....

(WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

IMPORTANT. If you do not seal the envelope
only a 1d. stamp is required for postage

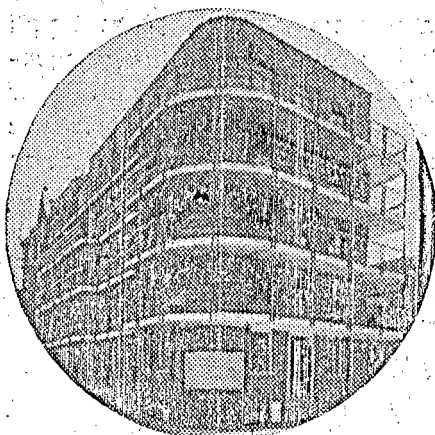
J.58
27-6-36

NEW ISSUE Packet FREE KING EDWARD VIII PKT. FREE!

Ask to see my approvals. Send 1d. postage and receive
FREE—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland
(large stamps); set of newly issued Canada (including
Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union
of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. pictorial,
Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi
Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders
of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set
New 72-page list, price 1d. 100 B. Colonials, 1/-.
C. N. WATKINS, Granville Rd., BARNET.

GOD SAVE THE KING. This packet includes a beautiful purple stamp of our new King wearing his Guards uniform, also his revered Father, the late King George, and the Queen Mother, also King Edward VII and Queen Victoria. 42 all different stamps you will be proud to own, including one depicting the ancient Royal Palace, Windsor Castle, Large Trinidad and Malay Tiger. Foreign issues include sets of Hungary, Spain, and Bohemia; and, finally, two are adding a very useful Duplicate Book and fine British stamp nearly 100 years old. Just send 2d. postage and request approvals.
Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool 3.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES IN THE INFANTS HOSPITAL!



THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodations for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

Continued from page 13

"I got him, Ben," said the long man. "And I'll learn him to try his games on me." "You'll leave him alone," said Ben curtly. "I don't blame him for trying to get away. Reckon you'd ha' done the same in his place."

Jake dragged Chad roughly to his feet. He was scowling angrily, yet Ben, it seemed, was boss, for Jake did not carry out his threats.

Ben spoke. "You two'll come along inside, and quietly, if you know what's good for you."

"Why?" demanded Chad. "What business have you to make us prisoners?"

"That's a question as I ain't answering," said Ben. "We don't mean you no harm, but you just got to stay here for the present."

"Kidnapping us—is that your game?" Clive jeered.

Ben took no offence. "Never mind what our game is. You'll know if you live long enough."

Jake broke in. "Are you going to stand here jawing all day?" he asked angrily.

"There ain't no hurry," replied Ben. "With this mist no one can see us from any distance. All the same we'll go along in. Come on, son. It ain't no use trying to fight me. You're a lusty lad, but I could handle six like you."

For a moment there was a dangerous gleam in Chad's eyes. But it passed. What Ben said was probably true. It was no use fighting and getting hurt; he and Clive must save their strength for a better chance. He shrugged.

"All right; we'll come," he said. "But you can take it from me there'll be police after us pretty soon."

"That ain't worrying us—none whatsoever," Ben answered calmly as he led the boys round the corner and into the mine house.

Inside the long narrow room was very dark. The two windows were so thick with grime that they let little light through. Still there was enough to see that the place was utterly ruinous and almost bare. The only furniture was an oil stove, a few cooking pots, and a couple of packing-cases. There were two beds made of heather with old horse blankets spread on them—nothing else. The floor was earth.

The narrowness of the room was the first thing that struck Chad; then he saw that

there was a door in the inner wall, and realised that the house was divided into two rooms, an outer and an inner. Ben saw him looking at the door and grinned.

"Yes, that's where you're going, son. You'll find a friend there already—him you've come after, I reckon." (Chad bit his lip. It made him furious to think how he and Clive had run their heads into this trap.) "Come right in here," Ben went on, as he opened the inner door. "You won't come to no harm if you behaves yourself."

It was darker still in this inner room, for the only light came through a window in the roof, and that was nearly covered with rubbish and dirt; indeed, it was so dark that it was not until the door had been slammed and locked behind them that Chad saw Jan lying stretched on a bed of heather by the wall.

"Jan!" he said quickly. "Jan, are you hurt?"

Jan got up stiffly.

"So they got you two," he said bitterly. "I was feared they would, and no way of warning 'ee. No, I baint hurt, Mr Chad—none to speak of."

"But what does it all mean, Jan?" Chad asked, bewildered.

Jan came nearer. "I reckon they wants us out of the way," he whispered.

"Out of the way!" repeated Chad.

"Surely," said Jan. "So us can't hinder them going after the hoard."

Chad's eyes widened. "You mean that these fellows have got wind of the treasure and want a clear field to get hold of it?"

"I baint got no proof, but that be my notion," Jan told him. Chad drew a long breath. He was so horrified that for the moment he could find no words. Clive was the first to speak.

"Then somehow we've got to get loose," he said.

"Get loose," Chad repeated bitterly. "What chance have we against those two?"

Jan beckoned them to come closer.

"You're right, Mr Chad," he whispered. "Us can't fight them chaps. Only thing'll be to sneak out without them seeing us. Aye, and us can do it, I reckon. You listen to me now."

Before he could say any more the gloom was lit by a livid flash and thunder bellowed across the moor, sending crashing echoes from tor to tor.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO BELIEVES IN BRIGHTER CRICKET

FATHER JACKO, coming home to tea one day, was none too pleased to see the kitchen table covered with a pair of white flannel trousers.

Mother Jacko, bending over it, was holding an iron perilously near her nose, apparently to test its heat.

"Ironing at this time of day!" growled her husband.

"I've just finished, dear," she replied. "I'm only pressing Adolphus's flannels."

"As a matter of fact," he murmured, "that's a job I shouldn't mind having a go at myself."

He knew where the paint was—a big tin of it all ready for use. He went across to the toolshed and picked it up.

The next day was a grand one. Adolphus, having got the afternoon off, dashed home from the office, and after a quick change hurried out to the lawn to see that all was in order.



It really was too bad!

"All ready for the big day tomorrow," grinned Jacko.

Father Jacko grunted. Why the stupid lad should want to treat the Monkeyville Cricket Club to a strawberry tea because they had elected him captain was past his comprehension.

"If he's nothing to do," he said, "he can lend me a hand in the garden."

Jacko's grin grew bigger. He knew what that meant. The times old Adolphus had promised to paint the gate! Well! well!

He strolled out to have a look at it. It did look shabby.

"Fine!", he pronounced. "The Mater's done us proud."

His guests arrived to the minute. Adolphus went to meet them—and stood for a minute leaning against the gate listening to a very good joke. "Ha! ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his friend on the back and pushing him forward.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared a voice behind him.

It really was too bad! The garden gate, still wet with the lovely coat of paint that Jacko had given it, had left a handsome pattern of bright green right across Adolphus's elegant flannels!

Our Glorious Island Home

For those whose eyes have not been opened to the beauty of these entrancing islands of ours

A few of the Chapters

Windsor Castle and its Story
Shakespeare's England
Some Early Norman Castles
Historic Dublin
Rivers of Romance and Commerce
Where our Kings and Queens kept State
Ancient Ceremonials
The Elizabethan Legacy
The Track of the Danes
Ruined Abbeys of Scotland
American Shrines in England
Haunts of Ancient Peace
Famous Fairs and their Origin
Battlefields of Long Ago
The Universities of Scotland
The Ruined Abbeys of Wales
Beauties of Tudor England
King Arthur's Country
Some Noted Walled Towns
Scenes of Prince Charlie's Times
Celtic Arts and Crafts
Old Stained Glass in England
Noted Secret Chambers and Hiding Places
Prehistoric and Roman Roads
Bridges, Quaint and Historical
Echoes of the Coaching Days
Where Great Men Sleep
Through England with Dickens
Landmarks of the Normans
Oxford and its Colleges
England's Changing Coastline

The Magnificent Four-Volume WONDERFUL BRITAIN

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

opens up a vista of artistic and intellectual pleasure. "What do they know of England who only England know?" The truth behind that aphorism justifies the preparation of these volumes and the volumes justify the claim that they create and stimulate appreciation and love of Britain's beauty spots and historic shrines. **They will enhance the pleasure of every motorist, cyclist and hiker.**

A special feature that adds so greatly to the charm of "Wonderful Britain" is the lavish wealth of pictures in the four volumes. Every one of its 2,279 illustrations is in natural brown phototone, printed on specially toned Art paper, and most of the photographs have been taken expressly for "Wonderful Britain." Facing the title page of each of the four volumes is a delightful subject in full colour.

The literary contents of "Wonderful Britain," comprising 148 fascinating chapters, provide delightful reading, and, in conjunction with the appropriate illustrations, offer a unique opportunity of "seeing" places of interest in Great Britain and of learning much of their history. A few of the titles of the chapters are given in the panel on the left. "Wonderful Britain" is indeed a literary and pictorial treasure that will be a joy to acquire and a pride to possess.

FREE

to all prompt
Subscribers

This Large Scale ROAD MAP

(in thirty-two
sections)

Send for the Art Prospectus

A complete list of the literary contents with a short description of each chapter is given in the Prospectus, which is yours free for the asking. Take the first step now. You will receive also details of the convenient subscription terms of payment on which you may acquire these four delightful volumes and the Free Set of Road Maps in Case.

**Fill in and post the Coupon
below for the Free Prospectus**

Send
no money
now—simply
fill in and

POST THE COUPON TODAY!

Each map
shows main,
secondary and
arterial roads,
and places of his-
torical interest.

A special transparent-
fronted wallet in which
the sections of the map
can be carried is sup-
plied Free of Charge.

The Children's Newspaper Coupon FOR FREE PROSPECTUS

To The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4

Please send me Free and Post Free Prospectus describing
"Wonderful Britain" and showing how I may have the four
volumes—and the Free Set of Road Maps—sent carriage
paid on acceptance of order and first subscription of 5/-.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

C.N.2.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Puzzle

WITH figures six, of all one sort,
Write down ten thousand
plain and short. Answer next week

Ugly Face

MOTHER found her small son
making faces at a fierce-
looking bulldog.

"Why were you doing that,
John?" she asked, as she hurried
him away.

"Well, he started it," was the
reply.

Ici on Parle Français



La fenêtre window
La balle ball
La vitre glass

Jean a lancé sa balle trop loin.
Elle a heurté la fenêtre et cassé la
vitre.

John threw his ball too far. It
struck the window and broke the
glass.

This Week in Nature

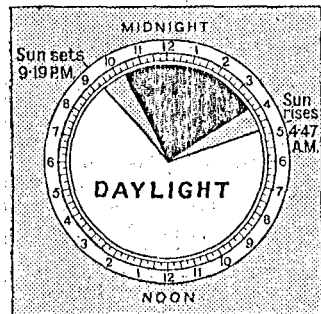
ON the stalks of corn may now
be found a circular ball
made of grass and leaves. It is
the nest of the harvest mouse.
This little creature is less than
five inches long from tip of nose
to end of tail and has a colouring
of reddish yellow on the back
and sides and white underneath.

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I am a great supporter
of the human body; behead
me, and I am found on the human
body; behead again, and the
human body cannot live without
me.

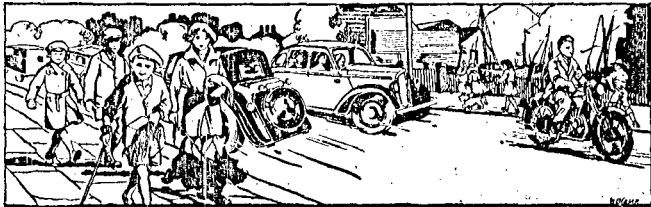
Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness
on June 27. The daylight is
now getting shorter each day.

The Safety First Frieze



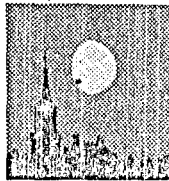
Always walk facing traffic

Those Who Come & Those Who Go
How many people are born in
your town and how many
die? Here are the figures for
12 towns. The four weeks up to
June 6, 1936, are compared with
the corresponding weeks a year ago.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1936	BIRTHS 1935	DEATHS 1936	DEATHS 1935
London	5131	5389	3463	3452
Glasgow	1792	1702	1180	1100
Liverpool	1333	1535	763	842
Belfast	755	758	422	452
Edinburgh	638	580	453	433
Bristol	498	518	350	316
Leicester	376	328	219	223
Swansea	202	202	136	124
Reading	136	85	143	83
Ipswich	130	138	79	80
York	91	110	75	84
Swindon	66	75	41	50

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is low in
the South-East and Neptune
is in the South-
West. In the
morning Sa-
turn is in the
East. The pic-
ture shows the
Moon as it may
be seen looking
South at 9 p.m.
On Tuesday, June 30.



What is It?

IT's seen in stone and dwells in
wood;
It shuns the bad but loves the
good;
It's often used when John is hurt;
It shuns not gold, though it does
dirt;
It's seen in you but not in me;
And now its name you'll quickly
see.

Answer next week

The Airways

CIVIL flying has made great
strides in the seventeen years
of its existence.
When it began in the summer of
1919 all the world's air routes
did not extend to more than
3000 miles. Now the world's
airways cover more than 225,000

miles. The only British air route
in 1919 was the 250 miles between
London and Paris. Today the
planes of Imperial Airways operate
26,000 miles of routes in Europe
and the Empire.

The Fisherman



CHRISTOPHER BOON
Fished for the Moon;
He stayed out the whole
Of a bright night in June.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Charade. Block-head.
A Picture Puzzle Acrostic
Eland, Leopard, Ermine, Porcupine,
Hyena, Alligator, Nightingale, Tapir—
ELEPHANT.

Puzzle History Date. MDCLXV: Mil-
ton, Dryden, Chaucer, Lope de Vega,
Xanthippe, Virgil.

A Verse in Code
Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and fun;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,
And evil speak of none.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

HUE DAMAGED MCCC
UNIT MADAM ZERO
TIDAL SOL TOTAL
TENANT ABROAD
PERTO AEE LLLB
ED DETERRENT ER
ESSONATE DIEA
PLATTER DISPLAY

Five-Minute Story

The Warning

ARTHUR BATES was staring
down at the shore.

"Look, sir!" he said to
his form master. "Those
fellows down there don't seem
to know that they have
chosen a dangerous spot for
their paddling."

"You are right," replied
the master; "they are running
a big risk, and I'm afraid we
can't get down to the shore in
time to warn them. The tide
has turned already."

The boys were spending a
half-holiday tramping over
the beautiful hills which
sloped down to the sea. They
knew the coast well, and
would not have lingered at
the spot where they saw the
three figures.

"We'll give them a yell,"
said the master. "The wind is
against us, but we'll all shout
together. 'Danger! Come
back!' will be the cry. Now
then, boys."

A mighty shout went up;
but though it attracted the
attention of the paddlers
down on the shore the boys
soon realised that they had
not been understood. The
paddlers waved gaily, and
then turned away from the
hillside again.

"Dickenson, you are our
best sprinter," said the master,
glancing at his watch.
"There's no time to spare."

Dickenson swung off down
the hillside in his best style.
The master watched him
anxiously, with a slight frown.
"I wish we could make them
understand," he said.

"Couldn't we lie on the
grass and form the letters
of our warning?" suggested
Tony Grant. "Another yell
would make them look our
way, and they would read
'Come back!' for them-
selves."

"That's an idea, Tony!"
said the master. "We'll try
it. It will be better than
standing here watching Dick-
enson try to beat the tide.
Help me to space them out,
old man!"

The boys dropped on the
turf, lying straight, or curved,
or at the angles which the
various letters needed. Tony
stood back to admire the
result.

"Jolly fine, sir!" he said,
"And only you and I left
out!"

"We'll join them," said the
master. "An exclamation
mark will add a finishing
touch. I'll lie straight, and
you can curl up just short of
my feet."

They took up their posi-
tions; then all the boys gave
a yell which made the pad-
dlers look up sharply. They
were quick to read and obey
the warning, and they came
up the hill to thank their
unknown friends.

**GET THE
NIGHTLY
EUTHYMOL
HABIT**

If you go to bed without brushing
your teeth, you run the risk of
bad teeth sooner or later. Keep
your teeth clean and they will last
you all your life. There is no
better means of protection than
cleaning them every morning and
evening with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY
GERMS IN 30 SECONDS



Fill in the
coupon below
and a sample
tube will be
sent to you
free of all
cost. It will
last a week.

COUPON To Euthymol Dept. 81/84,
50 Beak Street, London, W.1

Please send me a week's free sample
tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

thirsty?...

pop an Allenburys
Pastille into the
mouth—it's always
so refreshing

**Allenburys
PASTILLES**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

MARIE ELISABETHS ARE REAL SARDINES

in delicious oil and greatly liked by YOUNG
PEOPLE, are good for them, and are not costly.

GOOD? Well, there are
more of them sold than of
any other. That should
be convincing.

They can be had at
every good grocer's
in the British
Isles.

LINGFORDS IODIZED SALTS

Doctors praise it—Children love it!

"Send a postcard for FREE SAMPLE and
descriptive booklet 'The Story of Vital-Iodine'
to Joseph Lingford & Son, Ltd.,
Dept. C.H. Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham.

**For Growing
Children**

DAREN BREAD

It would do you good, too.

Send p.c. for free copy of illustrated
children's Story Book "Peter and
Panama." It tells a thrilling story in
which you too will find interest.
(Postage on p.c.'s paid, on letters 1d.)
Daren Ltd. (Dept. 10), Dartford.

CN PAINTING COMPETITION

A Guinea and Ten Cameras as Prizes

THIS week the CN announces a Painting Com-
petition for boys and girls of fifteen or under.
The prizes are a guinea and ten Coronet snapshot
cameras worth 7s 6d each. These splendid little
cameras have a Time and Instantaneous Shutter

and also a portrait lens attachment. They take
pictures 3½ by 2½ inches.

Here is the picture which is to be painted, or,
if you prefer, you may use crayons. All attempts
must be sent on postcards, so before you colour the
picture paste it



PASTE ON A POSTCARD AND ALLOW THE PASTE TO DRY BEFORE COLOURING

securely on a
postcard and
allow the paste
to dry. Add your
name, address,
and age and post
your attempt to
CN Competition
No. 3, 1 Tallis
House, London,
E.C.4 (Comp.), to
arrive not later
than first post on
Friday, July 3.

Age will be
taken into ac-
count. There is
no entry fee, and
the Editor's de-
cision must be
accepted as final.
Families con-
nected with the
Amalgamated
Press may not
compete.